The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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DAME CRUMP'S PIG AND THE PEACE DEMOCRATS.

Among the nursery rhymes so familiar to all, from which we have given daily recitations for twenty years, may be found a deeply interesting sketch of Dame Crump's struggle with a little pig she purchased at market one day, and tried to drive home. This ancient poem sets forth in a clear, concise way her eloquent appeals to bystanders, animate and inanimate, for assistance, her earnest and protracted efforts to reach her cottage with her prize ere the darkness of night should surround them. But before she could persuade this obstinate quadruped to turn from the error of his way, she had to rein up the elements, and chain the animal and vegetable kingdoms together in her service. In her agony, the afflicted dame petitioned the dog, the stick, the fire, the water, the ox, the butcher, the rope, the rat, the cat, in turn; but all in vain, until the cat, true to her instincts, pounced upon the rat, and then the whole line was in motion in a twinkling, and pig went home.

Just so, the Goddess of Liberty has struggled for the last eight years with a few democrats, blocking the wheels of progress on the highway of civilization, crying peace, peace, when there was no peace. She has appealed, petitioned, coaxed and reasoned with them, but all in vain, She has warned them of coming danger, prophesied their swift destruction, urged and besought them with prayers and lamentations to awake, and move on, lest they should be ground to powder; but they have turned a deaf ear to all her threatnings and persuasions. In her extremity, she has applied to war democrats, conservative and radical republicans, bigotted and liberal abolitionists, and conjured them, one and all, to drop their present party and partial schemes, and teach those obstinate worshippers of the dead past the A B C of human rights. But the eloquence of Stevens, Sumner, Phillips, Beecher—argument, appeal, threats, mobs, violence and war have been all in vain. Then the goddess turned to the women of the nation, and they, with the quick instincts of affection, seeing that all these parties were based on expediency, not principle, proclaimed the law of equality, struck the key-note of reconstruction in universal suffrage, from Maine to Louisiana. They saw that to move these peace democrats from their position all other parties must bring themselves into line with principle. So they seized the Bible, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the bloody records of the war, and hurled them at the abolitionsts; the abolitionists fell on the radical republicans, the radicals on the conservative republicans, the conservatives on the war democrats, the war democrats on the peace democrats, and the peace democrats are going to school (*vide* proposed democratic platform, N. Y. *World*, July 5th). They have at last admitted that the war with Great Britain is ended, that General Jackson is dead, and that the "nigger" is a slave no more. Having got their eyes wide open, if they will now only mind their p's and q's in the coming July Convention, with the Chief-Justice for their schoolmaster, and Universal Suffrage for their text, they will give law to the nation. But if, in a moment of weakness, they look backward for inspiration, thick darkness and death will again encompass them, and their sun will set to rise no more forever. Remember Lot's wife.

E. C. S.

FREE RELIGIOUS CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

It came near being a success. In numbers and orators it was wholly so. Tremont Temple was never better filled than during the morning and evening sessions. The sudden and severe rain prevented the attendance in the evening, or undoubtedly it would have been immense. It was unquestionably *the* meeting of the whole week. It was really the legitimate substitute for and successor to the old Anti-Slavery Convention, and much resembled it in many of its aspects, as indeed it does also in its objects; both meaning Emancipation. Delegates attended from many religious associations from the Episcopal Church, down (or up) to the most extreme Free Thinkers and Rationalists. Invitations were extended to Jews, Mahometans, pagans, and indeed to the whole human race, which was at least liberality, if not wisdom.

Among the well-known participants in the exercises of the occasion were O. B. Frothingham, President; T. W. Higginson, John Weiss, Robert Collyer, Olympia Brown, James Freeman Clarke, A. Bronson Alcott and Wendell Phillips. A branch of the Hutchinson Family was present, and added great interest by their almost matchless music, kindled as it was by the genius and spirit of the times. There was a preliminary session on Thursday afternoon, making four in all, and all of them long but full of interest to the last moment. It was on the whole quite a Pentecostal scene. If each did not speak with a "cloven" or "firey tongue," all seemed desirous to be understood in the language in which they were spiritually born. The two most sublime utterances were by John Weiss and Wendell Phillips, both of whom appeared inspired. A Baptist and an Episcopal clergyman were of the delegates, and were heard with great interest, particularly the former, Howard Malcom.

As was expected, each speaker represented his own individual thought as well as that of some association or denomination, but each was charitably inclined towards all the rest, generally, indeed always, leaning towards points of agreement rather than of difference. Which, to our mind, was not well; was very far from well. Some of the speakers profess to believe and constantly preach as ministers, that salvation in the coming life is only through an atonement made by the sufferings and death of an infinite Saviour. That rejecting this, especially in this day and this land of light and knowledge, is to plunge the soul into a perdition of eternal and unutterable woe! where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched! where are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, in everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. Such is the professed and proclaimed belief of at least two powerful denominations represented in the convention. Which doctrine, if true, inevitably consigns almost the whole of the vast multitude present to all unutterable torments, for ever and ever!

Too serious a subject, it would seem, to be treated with courtesies, amenities and mutual admirations, and there left. If Calvinism be not true, and of course vitally, supremely important, if true, why is it preached? and why enforced at all? If it be true, how dare its ministers come and virtually assure a great congregation that if their behavior is respectable and decent, they are as sure of salvation from Jewish synagogue or Mahometan Mosque, as from a Christian church? Genuine religion, the purification and elevation of the soul, growth in true holiness may be secured by such conventions, but our faith is wavering in regard to them.

P. P.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

The Boston *Herald* says the Female Suffrage question is gaining more rapidly in England than in the United States, and our sisters must be up and doing, if they do not wish to be left in the lurch. A petition with twenty thousand signatures has just been presented to Parliament asking for women the right to vote for members of that body. Among the signers are Miss Florence Nightingale, Lady Amberley, Professor Bain, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, William and Mary Howitt, Professor Huxley, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Miss Martineau, Professor Leslie, Mr. John Morley, Professor Newman, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Professor Robertson, Miss Helen Taylor, Harriet Grote, and many others only less famous in literature and science. A good many able men appear on the list, and the leader of the movement in the House of Commons is John Stuart Mill, the most influential political economist in England. The women of England have much to encourage them in the fact that the present sovereign of the land is a woman, and that the two most prosperous reigns in English history are those of women—Elizabeth and Victoria.

VENTILATION.

The whole nation groaneth and is in bondage through foul air. It poisons us universally—in the church and school, in the theatre and concert hall, in the steam-car and street-car, in places of trade, and even in our own homes!

This is not true of those churches alone who believe that to mortify the body is to glorify its Maker—that no service is more acceptable to Him than violation of physical law—crushing the body for the soul's good! Even in one of the most enlightened churches of this city—where reason crushes superstition—the air is so close and the light so dim, that the earnest, common sense words of the preacher fall on dull ears and drowsy brains. Our schools are still worse—for there must our children, less able than we to endure a bad atmosphere, remain for successive hours daily, taxing the most delicate part of the whole organism, while the life-power is being slowly, but surely exhausted. We go to the theatre—a fine building—of good proportions, beautiful in taste, and of refined appointments. "Rosedale" is in store. The house fills, the gas is "turned on," the curtain rises and all is charming, when suddenly the air, surcharged with carbonic acid, becomes oppressive. We lose our interest, feel wretchedly, look longingly for ventilators—hope there is one in the ceiling, but cannot quite make it out. We long to escape, but that would be exchanging one ordeal for another! At last comes the "Gipsey Dell," with its life in the open air, its rocks and trees, its fall of clear, cold water, its starry skies and cool, fresh breezes! We live again.

As to the street-cars, the air is intolerable! *thick* with impurity! How common politeness, sweetness of temper, or any Christian grace can live in such an atmosphere, is marvellous! No wonder that strong men and women keep their seats, while poor frail ones, or tired ones, with heavy baskets and bundles, must stand!

One of the largest stores in this city, where goods of costliest woof and dye cover numberless counters, where throngs of eager purchasers press during the entire day, the air is overpowering and sickening—its vitality all gone! It is not only impure, but heated.

In our own homes the evil is quite as great. I believe it is speaking safely within the limits of truth to say that not one bed-room in a thousand is properly ventilated. Indeed, it would be hard to find a bed-room, in the early morning, with air so pure that you would not at once know it had been closed and occupied during the night. Lewis W. Leeds, in his admirable "Lectures on Ventilation," says: "Consumption is almost entirely the result of breathing impure air—it is as preventible by the exclusive use of pure air as drunkenness is by the exclusive use of pure water." He shows conclusively, how much more we require a draft of air through the room at night, than in the day!

Men wonder at the prevalence of disease. Rather let them wonder that there is so little! Would that it were the duty of physicians to prevent sickness! Would that one-half our churches were physiological institutions to teach us how to live. M.

The men who flatter women do not know them sufficiently, and the men who only abuse them do not know them at all.—*Exchange.*

And those who do know them do not fear to trust them with the largest freedom.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

INTRODUCTION.

After considering the historic page, and viewing the living world with anxious solicitude, the most melancholy emotions of sorrowful indignation have depressed my spirits, and I have sighed when obliged to confess, that either nature has made a great difference between man and man, or that the civilization, which has hitherto taken place in the world, has been very partial. I have turned over various books written on the subject of education, and patiently observed the conduct of parents and the management of schools; but what has been the result? a profound conviction, that the neglected education of my fellow-creatures is the grand source of the misery I deplore; and that women, in particular, are rendered weak and wretched by a variety of concurring causes, originating from one hasty conclusion. The conduct and manners of women, in fact, evidently prove, that their minds are not in a healthy state; for, like the flowers that are planted in too rich soil, strength and usefulness are sacrificed to beauty; and the flaunting leaves, after having pleased a fastidious eye, fade, disregarded on the stalk, long before the season when they ought to have arrived at maturity. One cause of this barren blooming I attribute to a false system of education, gathered from the books written on this subject by men, who, considering females rather as women than human creatures, have been more anxious to make them alluring mistresses than rational wives; and the understanding of the sex has been so bubbled by this specious homage, that the civilized women of the present century, with a few exceptions, are only anxious to inspire love, when they ought to cherish a nobler ambition, and by their abilities and virtues exact respect.

In a treatise, therefore, on female rights and manners, the works which have been particularly written for their improvement must not be overlooked; especially when it is asserted, in direct terms, that the minds of women are enfeebled by false refinement; that the books of instruction, written by men of genius, have had the same tendency as more frivolous productions; and that, in the true style of Mahometanism, they are only considered as females, and not as a part of the human species, when improvable reason is allowed to be the dignified distinction, which raises men above the brute creation, and puts a natural sceptre in a feeble hand.

Yet, because I am a woman, I would not lead my readers to suppose, that I mean violently to agitate the contested question respecting the equality and inferiority of the sex; but as the subject lies in my way, and I cannot pass it over without subjecting the main tendency of my reasoning to misconstruction, I shall stop a moment to deliver, in a few words, my opinion. In the government of the physical world, it is observable that the female, in general, is inferior to the male. The male pursues, the female yields—this is the law of nature; and it does not appear to be suspended or abrogated in favor of woman. This physical superiority cannot be denied—and it is a noble prerogative! But not content with this natural pre-eminence, men endeavor to sink us still lower, merely to render us alluring objects for a moment; and woman, intoxicated by the adoration which men, under the influence of their senses, pay them, do not seek to obtain a durable interest in their hearts, or to become the friends of the fellow-creatures who find amusement in their society.

I am aware of an obvious inference: from every quarter have I heard exclamations against masculine women; but where are they to be found? If, by this appellation, men mean to inveigh against their ardor in hunting, shooting, and gaming, I shall most cordially join in the cry; but if it be, against the imitation of manly virtues, or, more properly speaking, the attainment of those talents and virtues, the exercise of which ennobles the human character, and which raise females in the scale of animal being, when they are comprehensively termed mankind—all those who view them with a philosophical eye must, I should think, wish with me, that they may every day grow more and more masculine.

This discussion naturally divides the subject. I shall first consider women in the grand light of human creatures, who, in common with men, are placed on this earth to unfold their faculties; and afterwards I shall more particularly point out their peculiar designation.

I wish also to steer clear of an error, which many respectable writers have fallen into; for the instruction which has hitherto been addressed to women, has rather been applicable to *ladies*, if the little indirect advice, that is scattered through Sandford and Merton, be excepted; but, addressing my sex in a firmer tone, I pay particular attention to those in the middle class, because they appear to be in the most natural state. Perhaps the seeds of false refinement, immorality, and vanity have ever been shed by the great. Weak, artificial beings raised above the common wants and affections of their race, in a premature unnatural manner, undermine the very foundation of virtue, and spread corruption through the whole mass of society! As a class of mankind they have the strongest claim to pity! the education of the rich tends to render them vain and helpless, and the unfolding mind is not strengthened by the practice of those duties which dignify the human character. They only live to amuse themselves, and by the same law which in nature invariably produces certain effects, they soon only afford barren amusement.

But as I purpose taking a separate view of the different ranks of society, and of the moral character of women, in each, this hint is, for the present, sufficient; and I have only alluded to the subject, because it appears to me to be the very essence of an introduction to give a cursory account of the contents of the work it introduces.

My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their *fascinating* graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists—I wish to persuade women to endeavor to acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince them, that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness, and that those beings who are only the objects of pity and that kind of love which has been termed its sister, will soon become objects of contempt.

Dismissing, then, those pretty feminine phrases, which the men condescendingly use to soften our slavish dependence, and despising that

weak elegancy of mind, exquisite sensibility, and sweet docility of manners, supposed to be the sexual characteristics of the weaker vessel, I wish to show that elegance is inferior to virtue, that the first object of laudable ambition is to obtain a character as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex; and that secondary views should be brought to this simple touchstone.

This is a rough sketch of my plan; and should I express my conviction with the energetic emotions that I feel whenever I think of the subject, the dictates of experience and reflection will be felt by some of my readers. Animated by this important object, I shall disdain to cull my phrases or polish my style—I aim at being useful, and sincerity will render me unaffected; for wishing rather to persuade by the force of my arguments, than dazzle by the elegance of my language, I shall not waste my time in rounding periods, nor in fabricating the turgid bombast of artificial feelings, which, coming from the head, never reach the heart. I shall be employed about things, not words! and, anxious to render my sex more respectable members of society, I shall try to avoid that flowery diction which has slided from essays into novels, and from novels into familiar letters and conversation.

These pretty nothings, these caricatures of the real beauty of sensibility, dropping glibly from the tongue, vitiate the taste, and create a kind of sickly delacacy that turns away from simple, unadorned truth; and a deluge of false sentiments, and overstretched feelings, stifling the natural emotions of the heart, render the domestic pleasures insipid, that ought to sweeten the exercise of those severe duties, which educate a rational and immortal being for a nobler field of action.

The education of women has, of late, been more attended to than formerly; yet they are still reckoned a frivolous sex, and ridiculed or pitied by the writers who endeavor by satire or instruction to improve them. It is acknowledged that they spend many of the first years of their lives in acquiring a smattering of accomplishments: meanwhile, strength of body and mind are sacrificed to libertine notions of beauty, to the desire of establishing themselves, the only way women can rise in the world—by marriage. And this desire making mere animals of them, when they marry, they act as such children may be expected to act: they dress, they paint, and nickname God's creatures. Surely these weak beings are only fit for the seraglio! Can they govern a family, or take care of the poor babes whom they bring into the world?

If, then, it can be fairly deduced from the present conduct of the sex, from the prevalent fondness for pleasure, which takes place of ambition and those nobler passions that open and enlarge the soul; that the instruction which women have received has only tended, with the constitution of civil society, to render them insignificant objects of desire; mere propagators of fools! if it can be proved, that in aiming to accomplish them, without cultivating their understandings, they are taken out of their sphere of duties, and made ridiculous and useless when the short-lived bloom of beauty is over,* I presume that *rational* men will excuse me for endeavoring to persuade them to become more masculine and respectable.

* A lively writer, I cannot recollect his name, asks what business women turned of forty have to do in the world.

Indeed the word masculine is only a bugbear: there is little reason to fear that women will acquire too much courage or fortitude; for their apparent inferiority with respect to bodily strength, must render them, in some degree, dependent on men in the various relations of life; but why should it be increased by prejudices that give a sex to virtue, and confound simple truths with sensual reveries?

Women are, in fact, so much degraded by mistaken notions of female excellence, that I do not mean to add a paradox when I assert, that this artificial weakness produces a propensity to tyrannize, and gives birth to cunning, the natural opponent of strength, which leads them to play off those contemptible infantile airs that undermine esteem even whilst they excite desire. Do not foster these prejudices, and they will naturally fall into their subordinate, yet respectable station in life.

It seems scarcely necessary to say, that I now speak of the sex in general. Many individuals have more sense than their male relatives; and, as nothing preponderates where there is a constant struggle for an equilibrium, without it has naturally more gravity, some women govern their husbands without degrading themselves, because intellect will always govern.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF US.

From Packard's Monthly, New York.

Miss Anthony's paper, "The Revolution," has succeeded in being talked about, to an extent which must be gratifying to its proprietor—not *proprietress*, mind you—and it is not a little curious to note the difference in the views expressed by equally intelligent and *candid* contemporaries. All agree that it is vigorous, spicy, and (woman-like) disposed to have the last if not the best word; but while some commend its tone and sphere of labor, others deprecate both in no measured terms. It is very evident that "The Revolution" has a mission; and if it do not fully succeed in making good its title, it will, at least, be instrumental in many needed reforms. Miss Anthony asks no favors of man or woman, and is quite capable of handling an oar with the best of them. As "Revolutions never go backward," and as it is impossible for anything to stand still that a vigorous woman has in hand, there is no other issue for this sprightly sheet but *success*. So mote it be.

Inasmuch as the first step for a newspaper is to be advertised, we confess it is very gratifying to be talked about. The opposite opinions, feelings and judgments of the press and the people are indeed both amusing and instructing. Amusing because each one seems to think "The Revolution," like all other papers, was started to express the ideas of some organization, party, or sect; and instructing, because it shows that as we could not please everybody it is all important to maintain a positive, plumb up and down character, doing our own work, and saying our own words without the slightest reference to Brown, Smith or Jones. One thing is flattering, nobody is indifferent to us. We have moved all alike to some positive emotions. Some smile on us, some swear at us, some are pleased, some pained, some delighted, some disgusted, some believe, some belie, some bless and some blame. We sit in our sanctum and read what all say, and seeing, that if we heeded all, we should say nothing ourselves, we have come to the conclusion to talk, as usual, our own thoughts and opinions. Making the weal and the woe of humanity everything to us, their praise and their blame of no account.

From the Weekly Kansas Radical.

"The Revolution."—A paper with this title has been started in New York city. It is well conducted editorially, and mechanically is a model of taste. The "woman" "sticks out" in both departments. We have received and read it every week. Its prime object is to arm woman with the ballot—assuming that thus equipped she is equal to "any other man." If the able people who control this journal would not tinge their publication with so much of the scold, it would perhaps be more acceptable. "The Revolution" knows how *The Radical* is on the "Woman Suffrage" question, and we are willing to "Ex," believing that we can stand it as long as they can. Perhaps in our next contest over that question in this state, we might consent to meet "The Revolution" half way, by submitting the question of voting franchise to the women themselves.

Undoubtedly when we have the ballot we shall be politically equal to man, we shall then have a voice in the laws and a share of the offices; and vote ourselves in the schools and all the government departments, equal pay for equal work. Seeing that the man "sticks out" everywhere in the Bible, constitution, laws, in every journal in the two hemispheres, it seems to us time that there should be such a Revolution in mundane affairs that the "woman should strike out" somewhere, and let the "white male" know that he does not constitute all the elements necessary to the state, the church, or the home. It is impossible for man to round out and perfect a thought in art, science, literature or government without the spiritual and intellectual elements of woman, as it is to create and perfect a being in and of himself. The analogy in the material and moral world is as clear and certain as it is beautiful and beneficent.

From the Isabella County Enterprise, Mount Pleasant, Mich.

"The Revolution."—This is the title of a new publication, just merging into existence, and which is fearless in its advocacy of justice, right, and humanity. It is out-spoken and uncompromising in its denunciations of government swindlers, pap-suckers, etc., and equally as firm in its advocacy of the rights of women. The articles it contains are high-toned, and savor of much intellect in the writers. To anti-monopolists, to those favoring Woman's Rights, and to common-sensed people generally, we commend "The Revolution."

Isabella! thanks to her enterprize that Columbus discovered America. How little these men think of their ingratitude to that good Queen, when they degrade her whole sex by putting the odious word "male" in all their constitutions, and making laws to oppress women; to shut her out of the colleges, trades, professions, and all profitable and honorable employments. You have recommended us to just the right sort of people, "common-sensed people," those that have no party or sect to build up, no personal axe to grind, who simply wish to see things precisely as they are, and call them by their right names. Yes, let all these people take "The Revolution" and send us their "sharp, short, spicy" criticisms on all the sham and humbug they see in politics, religion, and social life, and help us to build up a government of justice, a religion of purity, and homes of peace and happiness on the earth, all of which can be done by bringing ourselves into line with God's laws.

From the Janesville (Mich.) Independent.

While we may not be able to adopt all the theories and policies put forth by "The Revolution," yet it requires no "cross" on our part to advocate "Woman's Rights." We long since believed that the ballot should be given to woman, and this faith is strengthened day by day. To give her the ballot would be simply granting woman her rights, without degrading her in the least, or lowering the dignity of man. The world is not yet ready to adopt this doctrine, but the time, we trust, is not far distant when woman shall be a party in making the laws under which she lives. Therefore we welcome "The Revolution" as one of the workers in revolutionizing the world.

We think the world is ready for the doctrine.

Look at it: seventy-five votes in favor of Woman's Suffrage in the British Parliament last year, 20,000 more petitions going into Parliament to-day; Lilly Maxwell voting for a member of the House of Commons; women voting to-day in Sturgis, Mich., Passaic, N. J., and Schenectady, N. Y.; nine hundred votes in Kansas, the first time the proposition was submitted in this country. Thousands of petitions going to Washington to-day demanding suffrage for woman in the District of Columbia. Whenever we find a man postponing a wise measure to another generation, we think he is not quite ready himself. This is the century in which civilization is to take long leaps forward, in which even old fogies, with the whites of their eyes turned up, will be forced to shed the dead skins of the past and move on. So wake up, *Mr. Independent*, with a new faith and do all you can to revolutionize the world and oil the wheels of "The Revolution."

From the True Northerner, Pau Pau, Mich.

"The Revolution" is the name of a neat paper, in octavo form, devoted to the rights of women, politically as well as socially. The journal is ably edited, and deserves the support of all friends of progress. It seeks to elevate woman, not above her proper sphere, but to that sphere; to make intelligence the standard, and not sex. We have for years been convinced that the political world needs more intelligence; and where is it more available than in the educated women of America?

Give us your two pau's, that we may have a hearty shake over that. You are right; we need virtue and education at the polls; and we need still more the united thought and interest of man and woman in government to make it stable and secure. To talk of reconstructing this nation without the recognition of woman, is to build without a corner-stone. Let the history of the long past teach us the vanity of all man's efforts to secure peace, prosperity or power with his hand on the neck of the mother of the race. Why make another experiment on the basis of manhood suffrage? Are we not yet convinced of the wisdom of the command: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

From the Door County Advocate, Sturgeon, Wis.

"The Revolution," Mrs. Cady Stanton's paper, is sharp and pungent. Mixed with the nonsense of Train is considerable sense from the pens of others. Strong-minded women, and all women who ain't, but have a hankering to be, should try "The Revolution."

The nonsense of Train! Now, dear readers, we will tell you a good joke. We have published several admirable articles from Train without his name, which have been republished and commented on all over the country, which might have been scouted had the author been known. This shows how a wicked prejudice against a man will overshadow all his noble deeds and words. In the *World*, May 31st, is one of the most tender and pathetic letters from Mr. Train, in prison, that we ever read. In a late speech in England, in his analysis of Lord Brougham's character and career, he shows an intuitive knowledge of character that is only equalled by his boldness in saying all he did on that occasion against aristocratic ideas and governments. Train is a grand destructive force, to pull down sham, hypocrisy and pride, to lay bare corruption and injustice, to stand outside of parties, sects, and classes, and teach the American people that self-government demands individual virtue, education, dignity and independence. The world will be the better that George Francis Train has lived, with all his idiosnycracies, absurdities and exaggerations.

From the Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer.

We are in receipt of another copy of "The Revolution." We are glad to notice that George Francis Train has subsided out of "The Revolution" almost as completely as he has subsided out of public notice. With every desire to see the cause in which this paper is enlisted succeed, we do not consider its efforts always well-judged. We dislike, especially, its endorsement of Congressman Cary, and his repudiation scheme.

If you will send us an argument showing Cary's fallacies we shall be glad to publish it. "The Revolution" was started to *discuss* every question of national interest. We have serious doubts as to the wisdom of our present financial system, as to the claim that a national debt is a blessing, but we are ready to publish what can be said on that side of the question. As to Train, he has neither subsided from "The Revolution" or public notice. By referring to what we have just said to the Wisconsin *Advocate*, you will discover that you have had Train sugar-coated all the time, and by referring to the London and New York city journals, you will see that Train is again on the rampage in England, nothing daunted by persecution and imprisonment. In the very jaws of the British lion, he defends Irish nationality, and declaims on the wrongs and oppressions of that suffering people in the face of their tyrants. All praise to this noble man, even if he does see fit to write and speak in a different style from other men. We trust he will be here in time to speak on the 4th of July, and bring the democratic conscience up to the sticking point of universal suffrage for every man and woman.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY TO US.

Sag Harbor, N. Y., May 18th.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton:* * * Some years ago I was quite interested in the subject of Woman's Rights. Of late my life has been one of unceasing domestic toil, and my health is poor. I am quite elated at the idea of a Woman's Club. I have read Alice Carey's splendid address as president, and I should like to take her by the hand. For twenty-two years my husband has belonged to an Odd Fellows Lodge, a benevolent institution, they say, that excluded *bad men* and *all women*. I judge from the editorial in the same numnumber of the N. Y. *Tribune* containing Miss. Carey's speech, that that club will wake up the men a little. It is rather tiresome sitting alone when my husband goes off to his Lodge. I sit and think; and I have firmly resolved if the right of franchise is ever awarded me I will *never* vote for a man belonging to a secret society which excludes woman.

With respect, ***

Yes! these husband's might better sit at home, and read to their wives, while they mend their shirts and stockings, and thus enable them to give wise thoughts to their sons and daughters, on all the subjects of the day. Let every woman raise her voice against secret societies, for they not only undermine the family but the State and the Church. Humanity should be a bond between man and woman, strong enough to ensure kindness and protection to all alike.

Washington.

Miss Anthony: As you are proving yourself to be a good gunner, allow me to point to some sly foxes that spoils the vines, not only "little foxes," but some big ones, hoping that you will "take" them, when they come in range. Now, money is a power, and the ballot is a power, but *Revelation* is needed to facilitate "Revolution." The talk is that our Senators and Representatives will soon be calling for another increase of salary, for Mary Hall has raised her prices for entertainment, and *night* hackmen have raised theirs from two to three dollars an hour for carrying Congressmen and their *fancies* to and from said Mary's on 4th street, W—n, D. C., while their wives are enjoying "all the rights they want" in being wife, mother and housekeeper, keeping a place for their lords to come to recuperate after such excessive strains upon their mental and physical energies. Surely" that bill "ought to be so amended as no to apply to the raising of female clerks' wages. The money should be paid to Congressmen and clerks to support their fancies in *idleness* and luxury, while laboring women must economize to the utmost to eke out their scanty subsistence. The stronger the *vessel* the greater amount of money it needs to stimulate and procure luxuries; the headship of man is very expensive. Masonry saved Andy Johnson from being convicted and deposed from office, but their tool, Mrs. Surratt, could be hung, and soon two more enormously expensive mock trials will transpire, to bleed government and aid the erection of that new Masonic Temple on 9th and F streets, Washington, D. C. "Truly, Masonry, thou art full of jewels" (consistencies).

Jeff. Davis ought not to be acquitted, for he had on *petticoats* when he was arrested. John H. Surratt only conspired against the life of our Chief Magistrate, but Andy has conspired with other traitors against the life of the nation itself.

I was out to tea yesterday where a number of ladies assembled; of course I took "The Revolution" along. I am astonished at the ignorance and apathy where women ought to be alive and informed upon subjects that pertain so much to the welfare of mankind. *Bees* can gather honey, *moths* live but to destroy.

H. M.

There is only one remedy for all these violations of the sacredness of the family relation, and that is to give woman the power to make civil and moral codes for the regulation of our poltical and social life. Only in the education, virtue and independence of woman can this terrible tide of corruption be stayed. The family, that great conservator of national strength and morals, how can you cement its ties but in the purity of both man and woman.

Hammonton, N. J., March 22, 1868.

Editors of the Revolution:

Professing Christians may oppose Universal Suffrage. The *real* Christian, never! It is none of our business, whether women *wish* to exercise the elective franchise or not. Man has neither the legal or moral right to disfranchise any one of God's children, whether white, red, or black, bond or free.

Equal rights to all; by that motto I stand or fall.

As ye would that another should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Gen. Grant is the last President for the United States who will be voted for *exclusively* by *man* alone.

The ball of Universal Suffrage is fairly in motion, and whosoever attempts to stay its onward course will be ground to powder.

Yours, for Equal Rights, W. Samson.

Don't be quite so fast. We have our doubts about Grant being President. The people have had enough of Chicago Conventions and party nominations. The working men are awake, and labor is about to summon purse-proud imbecility, crafty politicians, and high art swindlers before the bar of common sense and justice.

Brother and Sister Workers: Having read with deep interest several copies of "The Revolution" I must respond—as one with you—in heartfelt sympathy in behalf of a movement of such practical importance to the thinking and heroic men and women of this age.

The cause of woman, socially and politically considered, is one among the stirring questions of the day, whose revolutionary wave of thought and action must mingle in the mighty current of events, impelled onward by the forces of progressive liberty, equality and justice, regardless of the conservative landmarks of old custom, ignorance, prejudice or despotism.

As the spirit of discernment is more rapidly unfolded from an intelligent people, through agitation and free speech, so the needed change must surely come with the principle of right, through equity or justice, imparting a higher moral tone to our social and political atmosphere.

Conservative, indeed, must be the plane of men or woman, who cannot see a brighter era, dawning with woman's advancement in education, social and political equality, when less dependent upon her brother man, because justly compensated for physical or mental labor, when fewer are the helpless, willing victims of seductive intrigue, to masculine arrogance—too often found within the poverty-stricken house of toil, disease and ignorance. When less of slavery and suffering exists among a large class—the needle-women, whose poor fingers—the hope

less rivals of the sewing-machine—are pushing away starvation, disgrace or destitution.

Let "THE REVOLUTION" spread far and wide—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Canadas to the Gulf, the American to the European continent, with its earnest plea of sympathy in behalf of the oppressed, its strong philosophical arguments in behalf of Women's Enfranchisement.

Thousands of our sex are demanding redress from chronic evils and stereotyped wrongs practiced upon them by the selfish aggrandizement of aristocratic employers. Thousands are fettered by stern necessity, great heart agonies, and blasted health, through starvation prices, until no longer able to subsist upon virtuous toil, with their honor resting upon the point of a cambric needle, are driven to accept of any chance that may offer in the matrimonial market (congenial or not) to rush with despair into the fearful avenues of degraded life, or at last find a suicidal grave.

Never can freedom's eagle bear the American nation to the mountain heights of triumph, as long as broken hearts and galling chains, whether of gold, iron, or despotism, drag her down, ; never, while injustice walks abroad into high and lonely places, and the skeleton fingers of our needle women are pointing upward from their crowded tenant-houses of ill-paid operatives, in sad and striking contrast with the aristocratic houses of rich employers.

Let us, then, work nobly with patience, energy and perseverance in behalf of suffering humanity, or oppressed womanhood, for in the "good time coming" she, too, will take her post of honor in the world's great struggle in behalf of human rights and universal justice.

Truly, ALCINDA WILHELM, M.D.

Washington, D. C., April, 1868.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Feb. 22d, 1868.

MR. PARKER PILLSBURY—*Dear Sir:* I enclose you fifty cents to get a few numbers of your "REVOLUTION." We have given up this years' work of voting for women having equal legal rights with men in Wisconsin as impolitic, because of the Presidential election. I do not wish to vote for any person for President who is not fully committed for adults having equal legal rights practically and theoretically. Grant never lost a battle, and Hancock was always victorious. The first gave paroles that were equal to pardons, and unites with conservatives to sustain a President who gives pardons that are equal to the indulgences of the Popes of the sixteenth century. The last sustains the copperhead branch of the democracy to re-establish slavery, so that the free Northmen cannot live in safety in the beautiful sunny South of our Union. I wish to learn whether there is a practical way yet agreed upon by which an Equal Rights candidate can be brought into the field for Presdent of the United States, so as to unite the justice-loving people in a vote to elect our candidate, or establish a basis for his election when a majority of the people prefer justice to policy, and plain truth to deceiving eloquence.

Yours, for justice, H. S. B.

GORDONSVILLE, SMITH COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MAY 7th, 1868.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY: I received, a few days ago, through the mail, the fourth number of your paper, "THE REVOLUTION." As I am a conservative by nature and education, the name rather startled me at first, especially when I saw who were the editors. I therefore commenced its examination sufficiently prejudiced to be indisposed to like it. But, to my surprise, I found myself interested at once. I like the paper; indeed I do. I do not mean to say that I agree with everything in it. So far from this, I don't know that I fully agree with the main feature—Universal Suffrage without regard to race or color. But I like the spirit of the paper, its point and liberality. It seems to me folly for any one to profess to be an abolitionist in regard to negro slavery. Whatever propriety there might have been once for this, there certainly is none now. Negro slavery is abolished in law and in fact, and there is no power nor purpose to restore it. The person who says there is, in my opinion, is either so much a knave as to deserve to be declared an enemy to society, or so great a fool as to be a proper subject for a lunatic asylum. Now, that negro slavery is dead and buried out of sight, and its ghost disturbs no honest person, where is the consistency or honesty in making a great ado about a few negro men voting, while millions of educated, intelligent women are excluded from every political right? Here, in my State, nearly every decent white man is excluded.

But I didn't commence to write on such subjects. If I could afford it, I would subscribe at once. Enclosed find fifty cents, for which send me the value in your latest issues, in different numbers.

Very truly, JOHN W. BOWEN.

P. S.—I want to examine further, and then I may subscribe, and try to induce some others to do so too.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 11th, 1868.

Editors of the Revolution:

A LETTER from England will not travel far out of the record of your prescribed line of work, should it touch now and then some of the blurs that rise upon the surface of the often vaunted, sober and matured civilization of this self-approving and religious Isle. Without further preface, then, we will note that the reliable and verified statistics of our census mongers give this appalling information: that in this modern Babylon, London, there are 80,000 unfortunates, at this time, regularly plying the trade of prostitution in the public thoroughfares of this city. Police authority puts the numbers at a still higher figure.

All effort hitherto made has utterly failed in checking its growth. The midnight movement, with its coffee meetings, rant, cant, preaching, and ultimate Magdalene homes, raids of magistrates and police, the action of suppressive law, the fussiness of parochial bumbledom, and vestry ejectment, alike fall short of strength to stem the fecundity of institutions producing this contemned traffic. The suppression of the Vice Society, and the Association enforcing the law for woman's protection, the Marquis Townshend, the Revs. Baptist Noel, Newman Hall, C. H. Spurgeon, and Dr. Cumming, Sir Thomas Henry, Magistrate Knox and Sir Richard Mayne, Chairmen at the head of their respective vestries, charging full tilt, with emulative ardor at brothels in the Westend, and Hellstews in the east; Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, helping on by charging Juries, Grand and Common, against the leprous delinquents who have made the glaring mistake of being caught delicto; all, all are equally incapable of preventing this prolific source of annoyance to our wives and daughters, as we escort them to theatre, Exeter Hall, the Abbey, or St. Paul's.

The arm and majesty of the law, the hand and hope of benevolence, and the succoring heart of compassionate mercy, all sink in one stoned craft, in this evil social sea. Gangrened, demure order, that dares not examine its babaric code, denying social status to human beings with immortal souls, blindly blunders over what destroys virtue's citadel gate, seeing not that, be the victim man or woman, the action and result is equally debasement. Making healthy moral existence appear but the mad freak of accident or fortune. Too often producing the miserable castaway that society shuns, authority taboos and religion dams, which yet still thrives, lives, aye dies too in our midst. Its average alloted span from moral death to physical demise being but a condensed four years at night.

A bastard civilzation, pretentiously disowning one-half its kin, fails to observe the inexorable logic of cause and effect that throws out this poor waif to baffle all our pious zeal, floating by us sometimes in carriages and silks from St. John's Wood, more frequently in rags and tatters from Tiger-Bay or classic Seven Dials. Nemesis, justice, presents the prostitute for our contemplation, making of her a moral Pariah with which she scourges the Pharisaical virtues of "pater familias," smugly arming "mater" (the grown girls following to May Meetings and Missionary Bazaar), returning home how proudly he reminds his spouse of Reverend Boanerge's denunciations of living sin. How aptly, too, he said, "the dark places of the earth were full of the habitations of cruelty." Outwardly groaning the wickedness of nude Sandwich Islanders and Abyssinian natives, he inwardly smirks at the courtezan he passes, as she openly flaunts the watch chain before the processional daughters, that latest gift of his for favors convenient and stealthy. Sleekly at home he reads aloud and patronizes Sir Charles Grandison and Goldsmith. Skeleton is without introduction there. In court, his aldermanic obesity, with horror depicted countenance, enquires from policeman X, the cause of so much open vice in a land like ours, so blest with happy dispositions and institutions, where public charity supplies what state neglects, and where benevolence, the poor-box, and pauper law takes cognizance of all. Beery X replies, "He's sure he doan't not knaw hur—he can tell his vurship he's seen hur about ere ever so lung, and she wur alluz so, for its seventeen times they've hur there for't same."

Sir Tapeince, satisfied, enacts his part, proceeds to lecture the poor girl in the dock on her depravity, previous to sentencing the probable leman of himself or son to 21 days for her indecency.

Why is there so much vice in our land? Is it possible the Aldermanic maw can have gorged the interrogation and reply so oft that he believes the lie, thanking heaven he is not as others are? If so, hypocrisy has passed absurdity, and is already upon the confines of sublimity. It gives us pause to ask if the plummet has ever yet been cast to gauge self-righteous gullibility. The why, oh immortal Guttle, is plain as way to parish church, much of it resting here within our easy ken. It is that out of London's 200,000 domestic helps (each fifth mansion keeping the luxury of servant maid) a trio of years sends its victim to the streets, the hulks or gallows.

Doubleday and Mayhew relate the matter. Our criminal records attest the facts. For cause of this we will examine deeper 'neath the skinned surface. What reveals the drawn curtain, but the exhibition of our worthy Knight, sworn protector of virtue, foe of vice, and justice of the peace? In closet, enforcing upon Charles, our son, the inexpediency and impropriety of marriage unless combining cash and wife together. Nothing loth, Charles follows the instruction, and in sequence frequents the Oxford, Argyle and Alhambra saloons, the latchkey of young hopeful's possession. Why should Sir Guttle and his lady not enjoy the somnolence of the evening, superinduced by daily wine and gorge? Why should bed await them? Jane can stay up for scapegrace's return in kitchen; they are quite convinced he must have staid to dine with some friend after the evening's lecture at the Institute. Poor Jane, ever subject, often abject, fresh from rural retreats of arcadian bliss, where father earns eight shillings weekly on which to rear up what Parson says are twelve pledges of affection, but what to Hodge are just so many bonds to debased and chronic poverty. This one like sample of the batch, taught nought but reverentially to admire all ranks and stations, to bless the squire and his relations, is now left to attend the drunken rake's return from scenes lascivious that leave imagination quick with seduction's fire. Soon all is over, and Jane grows bold in the rake's familiarity. Satiety with his illicit love ensues. Accidental exposure, previously arranged or early conception completes the work. Mater declares over gossipping tea her fears that Charles was near betrayed and done for by the hussey's wiles, but to prevent further snaring she has turned Jane out to purify the home, and so bemoans maternal troubles that none feel like herself. The worthy Alderman, in retrospect of bygone triumphs sweet, pokes his civic brother's ribs, facetiously observing, that as of old, boys still are boys, the young rouge at home has not degenerated, and so relates "our Charles's" feat, which needs a little hushing to prevent the scandal, and, after advising with his confrere, decides on sending a subscription to the institution for recovering lost females, his brother justice intimating to its Secretary that friend Guttle would, if asked by deputation, preside at their next annual dinner. In honor and good faith to other homes and families, conscientiously the servants character is withheld, and so cowed Jane, disgraced, dare give no reference. Sequel—she is thrown on London streets, another item added to the festering turbid mass of pious aldermanic happy ignorance.

Why does easy virtue stalk our squares, with Exeter Hall Bibles at thirty cents, and Testaments at eight cents each? The rejoinder is, that long ago Mayhew found four girls folding, stitching and binding the British and Foreign Bible Society's holy books under a sweating system that would allow its victim workers to earn but sixteen cents per day in busiest period. To enquiry how life could be or was eked out on such a dole, the invariable answer came—unwilling prostitution.

When published to the world, outraged piety, alarmed at the exposure of so inflamed a sore, invoked, convoked or provoked the usual panacea, and formed what Swift, the immortal, would have yclept, "a damned committee" to investigate, with hope of getting salve potential enough to glaze over the virulent wound laid bare. Vain hope, horror of horrors! Bad event before, worse came behind. After examining the workers and their families, the report declared belief there was not such a thing as virtue existing in any employed at the work, all alike being tainted. The committee said something must be done, and did it. Spooner, M.P., its sanctimonious chairman, moved and obtained a Committee of the House, which reported for a select committee, with closed doors, which met, elected a chairman, and will report in the Greek kalends. Next they formed a deputation to London's Lord Bishop for his mature advice. He, son of the church and father in God, though equal to Easter exhortation and diocesean visitation, could not or would not grapple here, but piously and blandly expressed his sorrow at the revelations, assuring them of his entire sympathy with their object of finding out some remedy for so gross an evil, but regretted he had not the power to

interfere or render any assistance, not even to the extent of one poor pulpit sermon, to denounce the facts so infamous. Quite right, too; why should he stop cheap Gospel Bibles going to the heathen, and so staunch up the wells of missionary charity so fond of being seen abroad. Why, too, offend the ears polite of monde and fashion in St. Paul's Cathedral, with such a tale of woe? Why should chaste daughters be offended with unchaste sights in public park and promenade? The alderman is quite astonished and disgusted. Did not, before him and the whole quorum of magistrates, did not police inspectors by the dozen swear that the licenses he voted for were given to well-conducted, respectable establishments, patronized by England's Hope and Heir Apparent, so fond of imitating mine uncle, George the Regent? Has not the Justice visited there himself *incog* and liked the *spree*, although he went but to acquaint himself with the people's amusements to the end that he might more efficiently discharge his public trust?

The wonder is, the voracious lie did not choke his voracious maw in gulping. Well he knew the dancing saloon and the music hall so licensed were fetid, breeding corruptions, where every action is allusive to illicitness, the songs in laud of vice, and each poor joke dependent for its miserable wit on double *entendre*.

For once, let us listen to a Bow street night charge before Mr. Vaughn, in Februsry last. One woman detected in, and apprehended for, frequenting brothels at unseemly hours, 2 o'clock, a.m. The judicial questions condensed were: "Who and what are you, and where do you reside?" Replied to categorically and direct, thus: "Maria Faye, for five years widow of Robert Faye, has four children now alive, and now resides at 39 Denzil street, works at upholstery for Robinson, in Oxford street, earns 7*s.* 6*d.* per week and pays 4*s.* for rent, was denied relief from Guardians unless she broke up home and parted from her family to enter the common workhouse, but could not bear the thoughts of such a separation, so went out twice a week, prostituting herself, after her children were put to bed, under compulsion to procure them bread; was in service previous to marriage." Police, after investigation, could not deny her statements, and the magistrate, relenting, relieved her from the *poor-box*, and so discharged her. The case was supplied to fourteen London newspapers. The *Daily Star* and *Reynolds's Weekly* alone braved the obloquy of reporting it. Let us make end with all these canting questions. How dares our self-sufficiency ask further elucidation as to the causes of our ulcerous corpus vile?

Have we not enough proof of its source, with one fifteenth of our domestic servants pitched annually into this turgid stream of filth? With our workmen's widows, and our tradeless, ignorant, ill-paid female labor, forming contributory rills to the like course? The lordlings bringing each year their quota of seduced tenant-farmer and gamekeeper daughters to town, dropping them at the season's end, betrayed and sent to swell the torrent's volume in its downward rush?

The solution of all this rests but upon one basis—the declaration of equality between the sexes. Let our legislators enact a law placing woman in like civic station with her present lord, and growth of self-respect will cure our vice, and moral health will heal the rest. Let them emulate our local law, that remnant of Saxon rule and living conquest, which now accords to women parochial power and office, as instanced in the return of Brocton. Staffordshire, just issued, gazetting. Mistresses Anne Baxter and Louisa Fowler elected overseers of the poor for their parish this present year. We shall then have probability of ending our national disgrace, and courage to alter Burns, by singing:

"Man and woman, world all o'er, shall equal be and a' that!"

THOMAS MOTHERSHEAD.

A WORD TO OUR SEWING GIRLS.

WE only wish that all the females who are compelled to earn their bread and butter by stitching their lives away at starvation prices could be brought within the sound of our voice to-day. *Putnam's Magazine* furnished us with some statistics in regard to the condition of this much-abused class, and succeeded in rousing not only a feeling of indignation, which we had (knowing the impracticability of all previous movements) endeavored to smother, but a desire and determination to leave no means untried whereby we and others through our influence can either directly or indirectly be of benefit. A great deal has been said, and volumes more can be written of the heartlessness of employers. That the majority are a wicked, grinding set, no one attempts to dispute; but girls, many of you, we do not say all, because we are well aware how large a number have helpless parents, and brothers and sisters dependant upon their exertions, and must stitch away in order to provide for the numerous wants and keep a roof over the dear ones heads, but those who are not similarly situated, those who are free to choose their employment, to you we wish to whisper a word of advice. You who work all day and sometimes far into the night in order to gratify a foolish desire for display, who are discontented if you may not approach the style of the wealthy, spending money on fabrics neither serviceable or becoming, who daily and hourly sacrifice health and modesty to the demands of dame fashion, it is you we would like to take by the hand and tell a little story. A few weeks ago, a young woman eighteen years of age, very sweet and sensible looking, tastefully dressed but woefully pale, called at a friend's house for plain sewing. She had been employed formerly at a wholesale establishment in Broadway embroidering, but found it impossible to make enough to pay her board and dress herself comfortably. With an air of dejection she took the offered seat, answered the questions pleasantly and frankly.

"You do not appear very well," said my friend. "Have you a pain in your side?"

"Not just now," she replied, "but I do suffer terribly sometimes."

"Then, why, my dear girl, do you wish to obtain more sewing when the employment is evidently killing you?"

"Why, because I *must* ma'm; I have nothing in the world that I do not work for."

"But why not find some other way of earning an honest living?"

The girl's eye brightened.

"If I only could, ma'm."

"It is very easy, my child; now I am in want of a good chambermaid,"—the girl's countenance *fell*. "I like your face and will take you on its recommendation. You can earn twelve dollars a month, have the best of food regularly, a good room, and light, healthful exercise. I am already interested in you and shall be happy to be your friend."

"But, ma'm," sobbed the over-worked woman, "how *can* I ever put myself on a level with common servant girls?"

That is where the rub comes every time, and that is where you are foolish. However, in this instance, the girl did yield to common sense, found a nice home, loving friends, and a wall of defence against all temptation; and it would be difficult to find a healthier, rosier looking young woman than she is to-day. The prejudice you have to places of this description is foolish and unwarrantable. There are thousands of families who would be glad of your services, and heartily welcome you to their altars, only too happy to be able to render you some permanent relief. "On a level with common servant girls!" It is true that everything socially as well as chemically seeks its level. If your tastes are naturally low and grovelling, if you prefer society of the vulgar and uncultivated to that of the sensible and refined, you will most certainly find the element that best suits you; but if you desire to be respected, if you love truth and value culture, it will not make the slightest difference what position you occupy. Said a lady who ever since the death of her husband has acted in the capacity of housekeeper:

"If I could not find the position I desired—rather than fret my health away with needle or sewing machine—I would walk straightway into somebody's kitchen and earn my living that way, because I know that before many days elapsed I should glide into my rightful place, know that my character will demand both love and respect."

She was right. The labor that is the most healthful is the most respectable, and no one need fear contamination from domestic pursuits. Until young women do look at this matter sensibly and practically, the ranks of those who are rushing to social destruction and death will continue to fill. Our merchants who now pay only starvation prices will continue to do so, and worse than all, many of them will continue to plot the ruin of every lonely woman that comes to them for employment, and so the wretched work goes on. Apply to those of your own sex for protection and the means of support. Be cooks, chambermaids, do general housework, and if sewing agrees with you physically, find families who employ seamstresses by the year. Anything that will give you homes and keep your feet from straying among the hedges.

ELEANOR KIRK.

"LIGHTNING strikes more women each year than men. Their attraction is the death of them."

"A YOUNG lady in Michigan committed suicide last week, because she had no one to love her."

These two items, which we take from the same column of the same paper, would seem to indicate that "attraction" is not always the death of women; though no doubt it is, when it draws fools to court, deceive and disappoint them. Pecuniary attraction is the death of many a woman, for it surrounds her with such a host of fortune-hunters that true men are driven away from her, and leaves her to become the prey of one of the land-sharks whose jaws yawn and whose bowels yearn, not for her, but for her greenbacks; and who, having won her confidence and closed his jaws on her, will, if he can, spew her out penniless and heart-broken. In this exception, noted in the second item, however, "nothing to do" that was "womanly" would possibly account better for the suicide.

J. K. H. WILLCOX.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S LETTERS.

SKETCH OF TRAIN'S LIFE.

From the N. Y. World.

DUBLIN, April 25.

AMERICA has one-half the brains, three-fourths the enterprise, and seven-eighths of the beauty of the world. Every clever fellow in Ireland goes to America. Every clever fellow in Germany goes to America. America is drawing away the life blood of Europe by every steamer. Honey bees go abroad; the drones remain at home. Young Ireland, young Scotland, young England, young Europe, look upon America as their golden land. *Civis Americanus sum* will be the national cry of one hundred millions of Americans at the end of this century. New York and its suburbs will have three millions of population. So hurry up that Sunday *World* bridge to Brooklyn. You have done a good thing in starting the Sunday *World*. Preach reform, sobriety, temperance, and the elevation of the working man. Use the pen to benefit mankind.

TRAIN MAKING AN ATTEMPT UPON HIS LIFE.

Thanks for your suggestion. I will do it, if they keep me in jail. I will agree not to Bonnerize, Greeleyize, Beecherize the world. Those men are pumped dry. Everybody is writing "My Recollections" or "Norwoods," Each man plays Humility, and writes himself up. I will play Egotism and write myself down; Disraeli acts the character of Vivian Grey, and Dickens reads his own writings. If I find anything good to steal I will plagiarize, but I seldom find any children I like better than my own. How do you like my title? There is a good deal in the way you start. "Murder in the Sugar-House, or the Saccharine Assassin," "The Bloody Bologna, or the Green Bandit of the Blue Mountain," "The Robber's Revenge, or the Broken Jack-knife with a Bloody Blade." These were among the yellow-covered purchases of "the days when we went gypsying."

The difficulty is, in taking your life, how to begin. Addressing the Radical editors of America during the Impeachment Trial, I might, with my Ben Butler eye on the Managers immortal, commence thus: "I was born at the age of twenty-one without parents, and had it not been for a kind Providence, and a few other friends, I should have been as ignorant as the common people, or even as you, gentlemen."

The fact is, I am not up to this work; naturally sensitive, constitutionally diffident, with a shrinking from the public gaze since my earliest infancy, I can hardly muster up courage to write about myself. But you have asked it, and it may help to use up my dreary life in jail.

I don't know exactly where we came from. I know that some of my people landed at Hastings with that thieving, drunken crew who are the fathers of the English nobles. I am under the impression that one of my ancestors was the second cook of the Mayflower. This much I can say, seven generations were born and died

under the same old ancestral roof, in Waltham, Massachusetts—the country mansion of the Rev. George Pickering, who manumitted his slaves, and who took to preaching the gospel for three hundred dollars a year. Had Garrison, Phillips, Tilton, Beecher, and Greeley ever paid anything for the cause, as my people did, they would have had a good case against me. They talked, my folks acted. They got up a mutual admiration society to ring themselves into notoriety. My folks threw away a quarter of a million of slave property for the sake of human liberty. My people were all Methodists. That old ancestral mansion was the headquarters of Methodism for more than half a century. The New England Conference used to meet there. You will see the old farm house, in the preface of Stevens's History of Methodism—Stevens of the *Zion's Herald*, who so many times has been to the home of my childhood, and drank from that old oaken bucket that hangs in the well. My mother was a beautiful woman. My father was a man of intellect and education. That accounts, etc.—modesty forbids. * * * My name being Train is purely accidental. A young man of fortune and elegant manners was reputed to be engaged to my mother. He was going to New Orleans. He introduced my father with the request that he would show her all the attention he could during his absence. He did so, and, to the astonishment of his Southern friend, married her, which coincidence accounts for my name being Train, otherwise it would have been Fiske, and all the stock prices, stock poetry, stock names, such as "Train oil," "Lightning Train," "Express Train," "Train off the track," and so forth, would have been lost to fame. Boston was my native city. I apologize for it. I was born in a small front house in High street, now occupied by twenty-five Irish families. How soon will the sons of St. Patrick occupy the mansions of the children of the Pilgrims? There are 90,000 Irish in and around Boston today. But let me refer to my distinguished friend, J. G. B., for a point in my early history.

YOUNG AMERICA.

From the New York Herald, 1856.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

We have selected the subject of our present sketch as a most creditable representative of the Young America merchant — of that young America which pours its energies through all the channels of commerce in all quarters of the globe—which, at home or abroad, upholds the character of its country—which is ready to plant itself wherever great achievements await it, whether amid the firs of the northwest, or on the quays of the seaboard; now plowing the Arctic ices or searching for new points of development under the equator; now carrying our flag and institutions, to erect them on the yellow rocks of California: or, as if not finding room enough within our own boundless domain, aiding to establish a new port, build a new city, and create a new commerce on the golden soil of Australia. George Francis Train was the oldest son of Oliver Train, who, for many years prior to his decease, was a successful merchant in the City of Boston, where his son George was born. In the year 1832 or 1833 Oliver Train removed, with his family, consisting of his wife and three children, from Boston to the City of New Orleans.

During the first year of his residence at the South, the yellow fever prevailed in its most aggravated form, and among its victims the entire family of Oliver Train was numbered, with the isolated exception of the subject of this notice. After Mr. Train had buried the whole of his family but George, and a short time before his own death, in the hope of saving his only remaining child from a similar fate, he committed him to the care of a captain of a sailing vessel bound to Boston from the port of New Orleans, to be restored to the surviving relatives of his deceased mother. Thus, at the tender age of four years, bereft of father, mother, brother and sister, this friendless child in a strange land commenced he voyage of life alone. Though too young, perhaps, to be much influenced in character by the unpropitious and forlorn circumstances in which his career began, yet his subsequent life, successful in an eminent degree, and unmindful of difficulties, which, however formidable to others, serve but to stimulate him to conquer them, seems to give evidence that the severe training of his childhood had given him strength, hardihood and resolution.

Arriving in safety at the city of his birth, after a protracted voyage of many weeks, he was committed to the care of his grandmother on the maternal side, who then resided and still resides at Waltham, Massachusetts, and by whom he was reared with tenderness and a watchfulness that could only be looked for from the mother that gave him birth. This venerable woman, who still survives to witness the success of her protege, gave him the advantages of all the education which at that day was to be acquired in a New England town.

MY CHILDHOOD IN NEW ORLEANS.

Later on I will quote again from Bennett's sketch. Let me now dive down into the cradle of my memory for some of the reminiscences of my isolated childhood. I have dim recollections of a great West India grocery store, in a great street, in a great city of stores, near the banks of a great river, where, with short frock and little slippers, I used to cut about the counters among the oranges and figs—now in the currant barrel, now among the raisins, a little monarch of all I surveyed. But I was too young to foster much in the tablets of my brain. I cannot remember my parents—but a little playfellow, a little schoolmate; he had a nurse who was tender as well. A little girl with flaxen curls, my darling little sister Ellen, has never left my memory. I have a little daughter now who takes her place, and when she puts her arms about my neck, with her school-girl voice of "Darling Papa" it carries me away back to those yellow-fever days, away into the past when my little fairy sister was my companion, whom I loved to tease and loved to praise. "Don't do so, dear Georgie," still rings in my manhood recollection.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.

Oh, those terrible days. "Bring out your dead." How the black carriages were continually passing the door. "Bring out your dead!" No coffins for the poor—all thrown into a cart together to go to the potter's field. "Bring out your dead!" Do you remember the thrilling picture that Bulwer paints in Florence, in "Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes," where the plague was depopulating the fair Theban city?

Such was New Orleans in the days of my childhood. Those words I was too young to understand. "Bring out your dead," record the history of the yellow fever that swept away half that city a generation ago, leaving all my family in the graveyard there. It is a sad story. Mother, father, sister; three, all gone; all in six months. An entire family swept off with that terrible malady. I remember little, but this much I can never forget, that little sister Ellen was to be buried. There were already four vacant chairs at the family table. My mother, our teacher, and two dear sisters had answered to the cry, "Bring out your dead." I did not understand it, but when my little sister was packed away in that queer-shaped box, my little heart was breaking, and tears are in my eyes now while I write these words. Papa and myself are the only mourners. All our friends were dead. They all responded to that dreadful, mournful cry, "Bring out your dead." We went alone to the graveyard. The little coffin was in the carriage in which we rode. Splash—splash—the water was even with the axletree. The graveyard was a lake. We came to a tomb, and my little sister was left alone—all alone. No, the mother and two other sisters had gone before. Four deaths in one family in four months. *

THE DESOLATION OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

But what of that? Almost every Southern family during our dreadful civil war has as many vacant chairs at the family table. Ought we not, as Americans, to say, hold, enough! Have we no manhood left? Must we still keep our teeth in the dead body of the South? Is it manly to strike a man when he is down? Is it not more noble to forgive and forget? Where are our Christian teachings? Why ignore all the lessons of the Saviour? Does Thadeus Stevens represent the idea—"Malice for none, charity for all?" Must the sins of the fathers be fastened on the children even to the third generation? Has the Christian teachings of the New England pulpit nothing grander in its results but to exult over and insult a fallen foe?

MY DEPARTURE FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Good bye, darling Papa, and we walked down the quay—on board a ship—and then across a plank to another ship, and once again over one more ship till we came to the vessel that was to bear me away from all my family. Good bye, darling Papa—and away we went. No relation, no friend, no companion, no acquaintance—all alone—all strangers. A little brig launched on the ocean of life, at four years of age. Leaving all my family in a cold and watery grave-yard on the banks of a great river that will always sing its everlasting requiem over the tomb of my darling little sister—my hope and my pride—away down there by the sounding sea. In her home there alone by the sea, not all the angels in Heaven above nor all the demons in Hell below can ever dissever my soul from the soul of that beautiful, flaxen-haired little playmate in that dreary tomb down there by the sea.

Good bye, darling papa. My grandmother had written for me, "Do send my child before they all go. Send me Georgie," and my father was left alone. The tears are rolling down my cheeks again. My wild life; my strange, exciting life; my never ceasing bustle with all the world over since that "good bye, my darling boy," has not crushed out all the noble sentiments. The chords are touched. I have written now past the midnight hour in my gloomy, low-roofed room, written myself into a fever almost, and the tears can do no harm. It is good for man to weep. It shows that man still retains some of the sacred fire—the divine right of loving and being loved. But I must wipe away the tears, for I am about to commence the battle of life all alone. Good bye, again, my darling little playmate.

Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here—
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

The ship is away. My father stands gazing at me dreamily. He kisses his hands; he waves his handkerchief, and all was dark in the distance. A few short weeks, and he joined my mother and his children in that gloomy lake "Bring out your dead!" I never saw him more I never heard when he died, or where he was buried. No trace was ever found. I was now in reality alone; a little orphan boy of four.

A GIRL, only eight and a half years old, was arrested in Jersey City, last week, for stealing thirty dollars.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1868.

THE AMAZONS.

Woman in some form must always be to man a monster. The legislation of Moses relating to them, at least a part of it, would be tolerated nowhere, printed nowhere but in the Bible. The Law of Jealousy is one instance. Mahomet declared *honest* women *obedient;* careful in the absence of their husbands; and preserved by God, by being committed to the care and protection of men. But he enjoined, those women whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke; remove them into separate apartments and *chastize them.* And he provides in the Koran a separate Paradise for woman; but he does not people it with beautiful men for their enjoyment, as he does his man Paradise with beautiful women, "created not of clay, as mortal women are, but of pure musk." Paganism of course fixes the destiny of woman everywhere, in all time; and always under the feet, literally, morally and every way, of the stronger sex.

In civilized and christianized countries there have always been more witches than wizzards, owing, as is believed in all witchdom, to woman's greater depravity and natural tendency to diabolism. The ancient tales of the Amazons, or tribes of women living by themselves, have long been rejected as "old wives fables." The histories of their wars with the Greeks and Scythians, though given by Herodotus himself with wondrous particularity, and confirmed by other ancient writers, are scarcely considered worthy of refutation. But a modern reason has been assigned for the existence of such communities, which must modify greatly the disbelief in regard to them, if it do not dispel it altogether.

It is not generally known that the amazon river (once the Maranon), the largest river in the world, was named by Orellana, a Spanish navigator, who saw, or fancied he saw, an army of this famous class of women on its banks. And so numerous became the witnesses to this story and so respectable too as to extort a belief that whatever might have been true of the Amazons of Caucasus, the Andes of South America had surely beheld them, and their deeds of valor in war. The reasons for their unnatural existence were not sought for until it became nearly certain there had been such; of course would not be very diligently sought for by those who doubted of them altogether.

In a history of the Conquest of Peru, published in 1555, was a map designating that part of the country inhabited by these people. It was the part of Peru east of the Andes. Such was the interest awakened about this period in regard to them, that many eminent navigators and adventurers went in pursuit or search of them and their country, which was reported to be abundant in gold, and stones more precious than diamonds. One of the explorers was Ribero, whose search was worthy a better sucess than he seems to have achieved. Attended by some natives to transport his baggage he set out from Puerto on the La Plata with his eighty men and after eight days travelling, sometimes through water a yard deep, came to the Siberis, who warned them not to advance farther with such a force. He however proceeded still through floods and other difficulties a month longer. Then he found some Indians of whom he renewed his inquiries respecting the Amazons. Ribero solemnly affirmed that the intelligence they gave him was mostly spontaneous and not simple answers to queries. They told him of a nation of women, governed by a woman, and so numerous and warlike that they were dreaded by all their neighbors. That they possessed both white and yellow metal, their chains and all their utensils being made of them. They lived on the western side of a large lake which they called the Mansion of the sun. The Cacique gave Riberto four large bracelets and four golden frontlets which were only worn as marks of distinction and received valuable presents in return. But the Spaniards, learning that it would be impossible to subsist if they proceeded farther gave up farther pursuit.

In 1595 Sir Walter Raleigh made his celebrated expedition up the Orinoco. He made most careful inquiry concerning the Amazons, and learned that their country was on the south side of a great river, and about sixty leagues from its mouth. They permitted the visits of some friendly tribes of men as he also learned, once in each year, always in the month of April. The kings assembled and the Amazonian queen's and first cast lots for their valentines. The whole month was spent in feasting, dancing and gay entertainments, at the end of which all departed to their homes. Children born from these alliances, if males, were sent to their fathers, if females were brought up by their mothers. But that they cut off the right breast, as tradition has it, the better to draw the bow, Sir Walter said he did not find to be true. When they took prisoners in war, they sometimes took the noblest of them to their beds, but always killed them afterwards; for they were said to be very blood-thirsty towards any who invaded their territories. Sir Walter declared he obtained his information from a cacique who had himself been on the Amazon and spoke not from the report of others, but from his own personal knowledge. A century later another voyager, De Acuna, made the descent of the Amazon. His narative has never been questioned; and he confirms in the most absolute manner, it is said, all the best previous accounts. The proofs, he says, are so strong and convincing that there is a province of the Amazons on this river, that to doubt them would be to renounce all moral certainty.

In 1743 an exploring party descended the river, of which was La Condamine, an eminent mathematician and astronomer, whose whole object was scientific research, and who therefore would not likely be deceived by any undue enthusiasm. He says, "we inquired everywhere of Indians of different nations, and took pains to inform ourselves if they had knowledge of those warlike women whom Orellana [the discoverer of the river, in 1540] affirms he had met and even fought with; and if it was true that they lived separate from men and received them once a year as De Acuna relates. . . All said that they had thus heard of their fathers, adding a thousand particulars too long to repeat; which all tended to confirm that there had been on this continent a republic of women who lived alone without having men among them, and that they retired to the north in the interior of the country by one of the rivers that descend into the Amazon."

The account of La Condamine is full of interest, but cannot be further pursued in this article. Among other credible accounts on this subject, is that of Gili, employed as a Missionary for several years on the Orinoco. We cannot add his testimony for want of space but the Baron Humboldt ascribed to it very great weight. What most excited the attention of the Baron towards these mysterious people, was their possession of the sacred stones, known by the name of the "Amazon stones," because the natives hold that they came from "the country of the women without husbands." He writes, "we found in the possession of the Indians on the Rio Negro some of these stones. The history of the "*jade*, or green stones" is intimately connected with that of the warlike women whom travellers of the sixteenth century named the Amazons of the New World. . . This is the place for me to express myself with frankness on a tradition which has so romantic an appearance. And I am farther induced to do this by M. De La Condamine's assertion that the Amazons of the river Cayame crossed the Maranon (Amazon) to establish themselves on the Rio Negro. Not knowing anything of the languages spoken on the Orinoco or Rio Negro, I could learn nothing certain of the popular tradition of the women without husbands and of the origin of the green stones which are believed to be intimately connected with them. I shall, however, recite a testimony of some weight, that of Father Gili." . . . On that testimony Humboldt continues, "what must we conclude from the narrative of that ancient missionary? Not that there were Amazons on the Cuchivara, but that women in different parts of America, *wearied with the state of slavery in which they were held by the men,* united themselves like the fugitive negroes in *palanque;* that the desire of preserving their independence rendered them warriors; and that they received visits from a neighboring and friendly tribe, perhaps a little less methodically than the tradition relates."

Holding such a theory, Humboldt could easily accept the substantial facts of the existence of such communities. Other writers have undertaken to account for them. For example, Southey observes in his Travels, "the existence of such tribes would be honorable to our species, as they must originate in resistance to oppression. The lot of women is usually hard among the savages. The females of a nation may have perpetrated what the Danaides are said to have done before them, but from a stronger provocation; and if, as is not unfrequent, they had been accustomed to accompany their husbands to battle, there is nothing improbable in supposing they established themselves as an independent race; securing by such a system that freedom for their daughters which they obtained for themselves. Condamine also held the same view, even more strongly expressed. On the actual existence of Amazons, Southey remarks, "the testimony of Orellana might be doubted, but there is not the least reason to doubt the veracity of De Acuna."

It has been asked why these woman warriors were never subdued. The only answer that has come to our knowledge lies over in the realm of religious superstition, namely, in the possession of the sacred green stones. Humboldt speaks of them as undescribed and their origin unknown; were worn not for ornament, though of incalculable value, but as amulets, preserving from various diseases and the poi-

son of venomous serpents. And he further intimates that if their origin were known it would be no less a mystery how they could have been wrought into so many fanciful and difficult shapes. Condamine declares they are so hard as to resist the file, and we cannot now conceive how those early and rude nations were able to cut them. Humboldt again says, the Indians living in those countries fancy they must have been originally the mud of the river, wrought or moulded, and hardened to such intense degree, afterwards. His own view is, that they were brought from Mexico, have an Aztec origin, to whom the modern Mexicans acknowledge themselves indebted for their knowledge of the arts, and also important religious significance. Mr. Prescott, in his Conquest of Mexico, tells of four precious stones resembling emeralds, sent by Montezuma as presents to Cortez, each of which the envoys assured the spaniards, was worth more than a load of gold!

These green stones were in possession of the Amazons, and in those days of dark and dreary superstition might have been against their enemies, like the ark of the covenant to the tribes of Israel, or the sacred Palladium to the defence of Troy.

But it was to the causes why the Amazons were supposed to have thus exiled themselves, that we designed more particularly to direct the attention of our readers. Until some reasons were given, the world no more believed in the existence of such communities on the river of their name than on the Euxine sea four thousand years ago. Where the race are separated into petty tribes, such associations are at least possible. Southey, Humboldt, and others, admit that the cruelties of men in *savage* countries make them probable. As we have intimated and might have fully shown, the legislation of Moses and Mahomet towards woman, is not many removes from the most savage society known. And a wiser than Mahomet or Moses declared "oppression maketh a wise man mad." What wonder, then, that it has driven woman to desperation? To all possible intent, we have myriads of Amazons in our present civlization and religion, wanting more than any other element, its Chastity. Before men taunt the women with "masculine qualities," "strong-mindedness," "Amazonism," let them look well to their legislations, their customs, habits, their whole estimate of woman as an element in society, and cease to wonder that where circumstances made it possible they fled like fugitive slaves on under ground railroads, to desperate remedies indeed, but from desperate ills.

P. P.

GOING OVER TO THE COPPERHEADS.

As we have received several letters from radical friends, warning us that we are going over to the copperheads, for their comfort and instruction we will state some part of our political creed.

1. We believe that suffrage is a natural right that belongs to every man and woman of sound mind, without any qualification of property, education, or sex, and moreover, that no reconstruction is worthy the name that does not secure this right to the humblest citizen under government.

2. We believe that both the spirit and the word of the Federal Constitution and the Declaration of Independence give Congress the right to secure a republican form of government in every State in the Union, and if they had done their duty at the end of the war and proclaimed universal suffrage and universal amnesty, North and South, the republican party would not have been floundering about in the fogs and mists of *statesmanship* to-day, without one inspiring party cry, or one grand motto inscribed upon their banners, to carry them through the coming Presidential campaign.

3. We believe that behind the rights of the Federal government and the rights of the several states are fundamental rights more sacred than either, namely the rights of the individual to life, liberty, and happiness; that out of these rights all just governments flow, and whatever hinders the growth of the individual, restricts his liberty, and destroys his happiness, is tyranny, and it is his sacred duty to resist it to the death, as it is that of the state to resist the Federal government, in order to secure larger liberty for its whole people. Rebellion in defence of justice, mercy and the higher law is always in order. Inasmuch as the rights of the individual are above all constitutions, customs, creeds, and codes, it is the duty of the general government to protect these rights against all intermediate authorities.

4. While we have always demanded emancipation and enfranchisement for the African race, we have no great enthusiasm for "negro suffrage" as a party cry, because it is too narrow and partial for the hour. In '56, republicans asked aid and comfort of abolitionists, because they were opposed to the extension of slavery, but the abolitionists, who demanded "immediate emancipation," scouted the proposition; non-extension, said they, is by no means grappling with the principle; shutting up slavery where it is, is a step in the right direction, and will eventually strangle the whole system, but to educate the people into an idea we need the enthusiasm of a principle. When we say "slavery is a sin," and therefore demand "immediate emancipation," we end the evil and its extension in the same breath. So we say, to-day, to the abolitionists and republicans, we cannot accept your platform, because it is not based on the idea that suffrage is a natural right, we admit that "negro suffrage" is a step in the right direction, but to educate the people to this partial demand even, we need the enthusiasm of a principle, which you do not proclaim, so long as you ask simply the extension of suffrage to two million men, instead of its universal application to every citizen of the republic. As the greater includes the less, when we say, universal enfranchisement we claim all that the most radical abolitionists and republicans claim and much more. Now, if the copperheads are educated up to this point, we are happy to give them the right hand of fellowship, and shall hope to be one of the delegates to the Tammany Hall Convention. We have read their platform, as set forth in four mortal columns of the *World*, and really do not see much to choose between it and the Chicago platform. In fact, with the two democratic candidates, Gen. Grant and Chief-Justice Chase, and their twin platforms, stump orators will have a hard task to prove why the people should prefer one candidate or party to the other. While these champions settle the question, Who shall sit in the White House? let philosophers, philanthropists, working men, negroes, and women, waste no thought or strength in that direction, remembering that it is not of slightest consequence which party succeeds, for, until the people are educated into a knowledge of their rights, the importance of public measures and the legitimate duties of government, we shall have the same bribery and corruption, among our rulers, the same oppression and taxation of the people, the same wholesale wasting of the public funds in every department of government. Until we get something better than either propose, it is a work of supererogation for the women of the nation to throw bouquets or wave pocket-handkerchiefs, for workingmen to wear out their shoes walking in torchlight processions, with banners bearing mottoes that mean nothing, for philanthropists to try to repress vice that politicians manufacture faster than they can cure it, or for philosophers to look for the golden age, until the masses are comfortably fed, clothed, and housed, secure in their rights to life, liberty and happiness. The aristocratic principle—the government of the many by the few—has been tried six thousand years in every latitude and longtitude, and under every imaginable form, and the nations based on this principle have all alike perished. We have proclaimed the true democratic idea on this continent, but never lived it. Now the work of this generation is to realize what the fathers declared a government of equality. The ballot is the symbol of this idea, and it is not too much to demand to-day that it be placed in the hand of every citizen. It is not too much to ask that this idea, baptized in the blood of two revolutions, be now made the corner-stone of the republic, the test of loyalty to the Union, to justice, to humanity.

We trust there is enough virtue in the American people, to organize a new national party on this broad idea, and elect an honest, liberal-minded, sober President in the coming election.

E. C. S.

"THE REVOLUTION" TOO DEMOCRATIC.

"You are getting coppery," said a sturdy but intelligent New Englander the other day, when asked to subscribe for "The Revolution." "You are getting to be a real copperhead," he said, "and I do not like you at all." "Only copper-bottomed," we answered, "the better to secure our timbers, but the head is right, and the heart all right." "But I am told you have gone over to the democrats." "But how long have the democrats been in favor of colored suffrage?" we asked. "No time at all," said he, "though they are taking to it now, but it is only to save their party." "And why," we demanded again, "do you republicans *reject* colored suffrage, if not for the same reason; to save your party?" Of course there could be but one answer. "And how long," we continued, "have the democrats favored woman's right of suffrage?" "O," said he, "that, too, is a new thing with them." "But," said we, "'The Revolution' has always favored and advocated equal suffrage for all men, black and white, and all women. And now, if the democrats are coming on to the same ground, do they come to 'The Revolution,' or does 'The Revolution' go to them? There is a change, but is it in us, or them?" He saw the point.

And again, we asked, if the republicans reject these liberal ideas only to save their party, and the democrats espouse them in hope of winning success, why should they not, if they dare, attach themselves to "The Revolution" *Train?* And why should not we permit them? And, we added, we hope the republicans may yet see that all their disaster on the battle-field, at the ballot-box, on impeachment, and in the

general failure to reconstruct the government, or to do the country any essential service, is the legitimate result of a policy as blind as it is cruel and unjust. And should the democrats succeed, even though acting from a sordid and selfish motive, they can be no worse than you republicans who, for the sake of succeeding in an election, show yourselves willing to sacrifice every colored man, and throw all the women of the nation into the bargain.

We had time for no more, and our old friend admitted there was weight in our argument; but he dreaded all possible evils if the democrats should again come into power. We assured him there must be more danger if a party succeeded, through injustice and cruelty, than through the opposite principles, both parties being alike unprincipled at the outset, which he seemed ready to admit. And he saw, also, that the democrats might be gravitating towards "The Revolution," but that there was no shadow of turning in "The Revolution" towards them, or out of its regular and appointed orbit.

P. P.

A Female Sailor.—A rather romantic incident has occurred on board the Flying Venus, now in the harbor of Bombay. The captain shipped a young fellow at Liverpool, under the name of Thomas Brown, as a seaman, and after serving a considerable time on board the ship, it was only yesterday discovered that he was a woman. She stated that she left her home at Aberdeen at fourteen years of age, through the ill treatment of a stepmother, and having procured boy's clothing, went to sea. She contrived to preserve the secret of her sex for five years, and performed the duty of a seaman remarkably well, taking her turn at the wheel, going aloft to furl royals, and was quite an edept in the nicer details of the profession. The captain (Mr. Litter), on becoming acquainted with the fact of his having a woman on board, was perforce compelled to part with her, and accordingly he took her to the acting magistrate, on December 13, at the Fort Police Court, to ask his advice. At the suggestion of his worship, with the kind consent of Mr. Bickers, the city missionary, she was handed over to that gentleman, who offered to look after her until she could be provided with a passage home, or some employment suited to her sex should be obtained. The captain seemed rather loth to part with the daughter of Neptune. He gave her an excellent character, and said she was of a quiet, retiring disposition, and at the same time was one of the smartest hands in the ship. The poor girl was very much chagrined at the discovery of her sex, and seemed very much abashed when questioned as to her past history. It is proposed to get up a subscription for her. It is not proposed to make a heroine of the young woman, but, overlooking the peculiar eccentricity which has brought her before the public, it is undeniable that she has exhibited great pluck, spirit, endurance, independence, self-denial and self-restraint for a long period of time, under very trying circumstances. On this account, and seeing that she is far from home and from friends, it is proposed to find her a moderate wardrobe, and such a purse as will give her a chance of a new career in honor, having regard to her capabilities and station in life.—*Bombay (India) Times, Dec.* 28.

This fact shows two things: 1st. That it is easier to earn a living in the employments of men than women. 2d. That woman's dress is a constant barrier in the way of her advancement. This incident shows that young girls have the same fancies boys have for seeing the world, and the same skill in the profession of sailor. Inasmuch as "Thomas Brown" discharged all her duties and was highly exemplary in her walk and conversation, it seems to us her career was more honorable than it would have been as maid of all work in the house of a cross stepmother, or running a sewing machine in a Bombay garret.

Seeing that the girl led a virtuous life, was a skillful sailor, and had kept her secret five years, it would have been more honorable and humane in Mr. Sitter to have retained her in his employ, and helped her to keep her secret by promoting her in the service. We wonder if these gentlemen, so desirous to protect young "Brown" from the danger of male attire, thought of the greater danger of turning a young girl out of an employment in which she was skilled, where she could secure virtue and independence to learn a new trade and make her way in the world penniless, friendless and alone. Ten to one their officiousness drove her to prostitution. So much for man's protecting care. He not only prescribes woman's sphere but how she shall dress in that sphere. Now one of the rights we claim for women is to wear a bifurcated garment and be sailors and soldiers and whatever they choose.

Woman Suffrage.—The following are the resolutions which were discussed at the "White Woman's Franchise Meeting," at the City Hall, Washington D. C., the use of which was granted to the ladies interested in the movement for obtaining the elective franchise for women:

"Resolved, That to deny to white women the right of suffrage is most positively and practically to assert that white women are inferior to black men.

"Resolved, That the District of Columbia, small and compact, having but one controlling legislative authority, is most suitable for the experiment of doing tardy justice to woman."

The leaven is working. Intelligent, cultivated white women are beginning to wake up to the fact of their political degradation. We understand that the authoress, Mrs. Southworth, is among the leaders of this white woman's movement in the District of Columbia. As the government of the District is now under revision, let the women pour in their petitions from all parts of the country, and demand that the first experiment of universal suffrage be tried under the shadow of the National Capitol. Send in the petitions.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., June 4, 1868.

Dear "Revolution": Our city election has passed, a Republican Mayor is elected, and two murders committed!

We hear it rumored that the "war of races" has commenced, that the danger foretold by the old masters—of allowing the black race to enjoy the rights of citizens—is now being realized!

Two peaceable white men, "known and respected in this community," having drank too freely, grossly insulted two American citizens because they were black, and were rejoicing in the election of their candidate—known to favor equal rights for all—and these peace-loving citizens, patient under attacks of the same character for a hundred years, determined to bear these insults no longer, and executed summary justice!

A great sensation is produced, and this is encouraging. No doubt, the public and the press will cry out. This is also encouraging. To be silent or indifferent when outrage and murder stalk our streets at midnight is tantamount to a hearty consent. Culpable, though not indictable.

By the force of law, the black man in this District now exercises the right of suffrage. Here slavery is overthrown. But it will require years of moral law to overthrow the habit of the white man of this country to set his heel upon the negro. The spirit of manhood, developed only by possessing the rights of man, must do that.

Those who claim the *inferiority* of that race admit they are good *imitators*, and if they should find the tradition of the revolutionary fathers, who, having received their freedom through struggle and bloodshed, became *self-conscious*—they may assume their mantle, and command the respect due American citizens.

We do not believe in retaliation and murder, and we *do* believe in self-control and self-government as the highest of human attainments; but having looked "behind the scenes" in this election, and discovered what political trickery, fraud, bribery, cheating and lying have done to defeat the loyal cause in this District, and how the enemies of free government have begged, like hungry dogs, to be "let up," that they might "kill the niggers," we think we have seen the *point* where, *if ever*, "forbearance ceaseth to be a virtue" in the situation of the black Union soldier at this time.

If we had ever inclined to qualify suffrage by property or education, this exhibit on the part of the ignorant and oppressed classes, newly enfranchised, who could neither be *driven, frightened*, nor bought up—would have thoroughly disarmed us.

These voters were organized on two ideas—*schools* and compensating labor. Every man of them believes in these two safeguards of freedom. Their candidate believes in the same doctrine, and his wife and wife's sisters are of the same faith. Success to his administration, and to suffrage to the women of the District also.

Observer.

FINANCE AND FALSEHOOD.

Washington City, May 23, 1868.

Editors of the Revolution:

Let me again express my pleasure at the correct tone and spirit of your articles in the "Financial Department," and request you to keep the truth before the people.

"The Revolution" is on the right track. Go ahead. The Augean stable must be cleaned. It can only be done by the removal of the lawyer-tribe and their fellow-rowdies and whiskey bibbers, who have so long "ruled," and who, through the unobserved encroachments natural to all "power and authority," are gradually sapping the foundations of our liberties, by reducing us, *through our pockets*, to the condition of slaves.

But it is not enough to demand, as your financial writer does, "economy" in the government. That won't change the *encroaching action of a feudally organized system.* We have the monarchical forms and habits; but with the names alone changed. We just as much worship the presidential "name" and "offices" and "dignity"—the clothes in fact—as our cousins across the ocean do the "dignity" and its trappings of monarchy. It is only another form of idolatry, leading us to *ruin through the same official ruts.*

What does a nation require? Why, merely that its business should be done, its accounts audited and settled. A certain number of citizens are required for that purpose. Must, then, to carry out that common work of casting up accounts and writing and signing letters, a system of official aristocracy be established?" High offices were created in all feudal times as sinecures for aristocrats, who would not condescend to work. "Do we need masters to govern us?

We profess to know how to govern ourselves, why don't we do so? Is a clerk in office independent? Is he free? Is a merchant or banker's clerk free? Is any man, in short, who receives a salary, free from the whims and passions of his employers? No. Then why not? Because the law does not yet recognize any poor man's right to his labor. It only pretends to. The tyranny of business relations extending itself into office, carries with it the poison of beggary by the practical absorption by those who are rich or in power, of the greater part of the brain work, or manual work of the persons employed, every man being reduced to a condition of sycophancy or slavery by the menace to starve his wife and children, should he not cringe in act and opinion to the caprices of others?

Hence we have a government which, instead of doing the national work, occupies itself with governing or ruling, or enslaving or training to slavery. The lawyers doing the old work of legalizing wrong by the old methods of frauds, precedents and forgery.

Ever since our separation from England this work has

been going on. The one-man power quickening the transformation by its own natural greed or lust of power, and it is only now thwarted a little, because it does not happen to be of the same party as the Legislative Branch!

Now let me ask you: What use is there of aristocratic officials at enormous salaries, beyond receiving ladies' visits, chatting with male friends and signing a few papers? You want economy and work! Why not, then, place all the officials at the same salary, paying the man who signs letters, if anything, less than the clerk who does the intellectual work?

Men who want to speculate should remain in the commercial and financial world, and not curse their country by making a gambling house of their government. There is room enough outside to make fortunes for schemers. But, for goodness sake, leave national business to its own natural simplicity, and pay such equally reasonable yet living salaries as may ensure honest men to undertake the labor. Establish rules for the general direction. Try clerks by their peers, and punish negligence by juries. Where two cannot agree, change them, and do not despotically dismiss and ruin them.

When the writer was in office, a clique of drunkards and idlers ruled and distributed all the promotions, all the higher officers yielding to their combined menaces! Pretty state of things! Charming government! Low salary and honesty go together. Why should high salaries and sinecure places be made for M. C's? There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent citizens who could fill every place from President down with honor to themselves and profit to the nation for $1,500 a year each. If we would perpetuate republican institutions and put down official swindling and mockery of law, we must go back to true democratic principles. C.

SOBER, VIRTUOUS MEN FOR OFFICES OF TRUST.

Editors of the Revolution:

It would not be at all strange should you find a much larger contract on hand than you anticipated at the commencement of your "Revolution." But if you carry along with you the well-grounded conviction that God and the Right are on your side, there is no reason why you should falter.

My first impression on seeing "The Revolution" was that the name was unfortunate. I felt that Female Suffrage was fairly out on the tide of popular favor, and with the swell of that tide must sweep all before it. Onward, rather than Revolution, would have expressed my idea. But seeing that you get down so thoroughly to the underground, beneath the underpining, and take hold on the roots of things, I conceive the appropriateness of the term, and your right to use it, as well as your wisdom and candor in doing so.

My hope, and most earnest prayer, is that the entire factotum of the enterprise may live and prosper, till they shall say with satisfaction beaming from their souls through every outlet, "It is accomplished."

In cherishing this hope, I am aware that it crowds more of human progress into a few years of the future than is to be found in centuries of the past. Still I hope, and will continue to hope, till despair comes. Your stand for educated suffrage is all right. But you must not forget that education is a poor guaranty for patriotism and civic virtue. The educated classes through the South were rebels, while the ignorant slaves, as a class, were loyal to the government that had from the beginning pledged itself to rivet their chains and perpetuate their bondage.

Education ought to be required of every voter to the extent of giving a clear definition of the terms *Democrat* and *Demagogue*. No person ought be allowed the right of suffrage who does not clearly understand the points of distinction between these two characters.

A genuine, live democrat, in these days, might feel some apprehension of being claimed as legitimately belonging to Barnum. But, as to demagogues, the case differs. Since the days of the Missouri Compromise these United States have produced more demagogues than any country on which the sun shines. Like the frogs of Egypt, they have come up from our rivers and our sea coasts, from our mountains and our valleys, from our forests and our prairies. They have come up and have gone into our houses, and into our bed-chambers, and upon our beds, and into the houses of our servants, and upon our people, and into their ovens, and into their kneading troughs. Yes, verily, these frogs have come upon us, and upon our people, and upon our servants, and there is no spot, from the parlors of the Presidential mansion to the meanest watch-house at the corner of the streets, or the most polluted den of infamy, that does not now reek with their filthy slime. There is no shade of meanness in the realms of swindledom—no leprous spot or stench in the regions of moral turpitude that does not belong legitimately to the political demagogue. If the production and exhibition of such characters be the legitimate and inevitable result of democratic and republican institutions, may heaven preserve us all from both, or either.

To this class alone and exclusively must be traced all the bickerings, and misrepresentations, and sectional jealousies, and conflicts, that culminated in this war of the rebellion. To these demagogues we justly charge the frightful waste of life, and treasure, with the amount of debt under which this nation must grind through coming generations.

If the entire spawn could have been collected on the fields of Missionary Ridge, Malvern Hill, or Gettysburg, where the thunders of opposing artillery would have played on them till the last soul of them had been sent to its final account—this war, with its million of lives and three billions of treasure sacrificed, would have paid well and been a blessing to the country and to the race. But, alas! these demagogues are not the class who go to the battle-field where there is a chance to be shot. They prefer the fat contract, the lucrative commission, the recruiting station, the stump platform, the legislative hall, the political canvass.

Well, if the existence, success, and multiplicity of such characters do not demonstrate the necessity of a future time and place of retribution, all demonstration, even mathematical, is a sheer humbug. If there is no other way in which such characters can be reached and suppressed, the time must come, and will come soon, when whosoever shall kill them will do both God and man good service. It is hardly within the range of possibility, as the tide now drifts, that an appeal to arms can long be avoided, and it behooves all wise and good men and women to discriminate beforehand, and if possible avoid the indiscriminate slaughter of the good and peaceable citizens, not merely with, but instead of, the vile demagogues who forced the last war, and are now forcing this that comes apace. There will be no need for extensive military organization. It will defeat the ends of justice, and afford the opportunity for the demagogues to play the same game as in the late war—that is, to set the virtuous and peaceable citizens to butchering each other, while the demagogues apply themselves to the work of gathering the spoil.

Let the friends of peace and virtue now begin to discriminate. Let every demagogue be branded beyond the possibility of mistake. Let him be watched with sleepless eye, and let the first appeal to arms be the death warrant of the last man of them in these United States. It is the only hope for the future of our government. Till this is done, our government is a miserable sham, a mere farce. The fact of a drunken boor for a President, drunken debauchees for Senators, whose bodies are rotten with licentiousness as their souls are rotten with swindling and bribery and perjury, till they stink to heaven—with a judiciary to correspond—calls for Revolution. That's the very word. That's the very idea, and the fact must come either in the death of the government or the extirpation of the demagogues—and the sooner it comes the better for all concerned. In the presently existing state of things, impeachment cannot but be the silly, ridiculous farce of the pot and the kettle, and its results should surprise no one.

These facts call for a Revolution in public sentiment and constitutional enactment. If civil government be not out and out an arrant humbug, its main, if not its sole object is to discourage and suppress, extirpate vice in all its shades and forms, and to encourage, strengthen and protect virtue. If so, what a ridiculous farce it is to bring out and invest with office men who have forfeited their right to the name of man by their indulgence of worse than beastly habits, who are so lost to all self-respect as to swallow all that is of man about them into the brute, and take a position so low in the scale of being, that no brute can come down to it but the human brute. This is true not only of the man who will get drunk, under any circumstances, but of every man who, disregarding the law of marriage, subjects himself to the frightful penalty which the God of nature inflicts on man for his worse than brutal licentiousness. It is not only a ridiculous farce to bring such men forward and sustain them for office, but is offering a premium for crime—a premium for human degradation, and putting morality and virtue at a discount. To say that we have no sober or virtuous citizens fit for office is a foul slander on our citizens. To say that drunkards and debauchees are the best qualified for office is to hold out an inducement to our office-seekers to become drunkards and debauchees. *Revolution* is the watchword. Moral character, at least to the standard of common decency, ought to be a test of the right of suffrage. No man or woman who engages in the nefarious business of selling to the dram-drinker, or in any way appealing to his thirst for intoxicating drinks for gain, pecuniary or otherwise, ought to be allowed the right of suffrage. And why should we not have a constitutional enactment, that no man can be a candidate for any office who has been known within the last five years to be affected by intoxicating drinks—making the first offence in office an "*ipso facto*" divestment and perpetual bar to future investment. Such an enactment would do more for the cause of temperance than all the pledges that have ever been signed. N. N.

Topeka, Kansas, May 22d, 1868.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Editors of the Revolution:

It is a matter of surprise and mortification to many that John Stuart Mill recently spoke in the English Parliament against the abolition of capital punishment, and with such effect that it is supposed his influence carried the day. I have not seen any explanation of this apparently retrograde step on the part of the man who has been the chief mover in England for Woman's Suffrage. The arguments he brought forward to support his position cannot account for it, since they are pitiful in the last degree. The idea of society rising in its majesty and rightfully depriving the criminal of the life he has forfeited, is such *tol de rol*, that however it might fit the mouth of an ordinary parliament man in England, or a legislator here, it is not what was expected from Mill. The idea of society's dignity or common sense being represented in the big wigs of the English judges, or in the chicanery of our own courts of justice, is too absurd to suppose that it can be entertained by any sensible person. Why, it is as foolish as to suppose that the dignity of this country is represented in the impeachment court, or its honesty in its financial kings. As for the mercy of hanging a man, would it not be best to consult the patient himself before applying it?

My explanation of this singular course of Mr. Mill is this. This is Mr. Mill himself, speaking for himself, and not speaking as he would have spoken had his dead wife been living. Think what an indignant flush would have risen to her cheek at hearing such a proposition supported by such arguments! Her heart was human enough large enough to consider the humanity of all men, and not be bounded by the petty conventions of life.

This view of the case, while it explains Mill's course, is a further proof of the truth he utters in the dedication of his essay on *Liberty* to her. There he says, in substance, that everything of any value in his works comes from her. This, I am convinced, is true, and that when the nineteenth century comes, as it must come, to recognize the fact that the women are better capable and fitted, by their brains and by their hearts, to aid and direct it in its Revolution towards the reign of justice, her name will stand high in the roll of honor, and his, only as secondary to hers. E. H.

ORPHAN CHILDREN.

Washington, D. C., Sunday, May 31, 1868.

Almost the first summer day of the season, a clear, blue sky and steady sunshine, neither too hot nor too cool, a day when the heart must be callous and cold that is not subdued and warmed to a new life of grateful joy and consecration to duty, as if by a thousand precious or painful memories—a day when inspiration comes to the preacher, not more by the soft halo of the blue above and the loving hush of the quivering young foliage around, than the multitude of serious and happy faces and devotional spirits that gather in temples, made with hands, to hear and learn of the way of Life.

A new chord in our hearts was struck when Dr. Boynton offered his fervent morning prayer for all the children of men, and especially implored a tender regard for the orphan children "now present."

Usually, in the oft-repeated prayers for "the widow and the fatherless," in the church, we have looked in vain to see these objects of solicitude, and our minds have gone out into lanes and byways, to wretched huts and hovels, to see them "hungry" and not fed, "naked" and not clothed, "sick" and not visited, and crying to God, with no present help! But the scene was changed, and there sat, among the Anglo-Saxon worshippers, a whole institution of dark-skinned orphans of slavery and the war. Their bright, trusting faces, and our approving conscience said it was good for them to be there, and we were glad, and wondered how

many of the thousands of churches in the land were doing this "work meet for repentance."

Seeing this day replete with sunshine and nature's choicest green, in contrast with the cold, unseasonable storms of the past month, one might almost believe that the ancient's "god of the seasons," had at last been appeased, and his good-will invoked through a national tribute of flowers to the dead.

Due to our soldiers, who sacrificed wife, mother, sister and life itself, was this commemoration of Saturday, 30th of May. What more could ye do? brave heroes for freedom! How fitting that we strew flowers, garlands of sorrow and wreaths of beauty around your heads, mementoes of broken hearts, and desolated hearthstones, and pledge that we will finish the work you so nobly began.

As the saints' days in the church, so the soldiers' day on this 30th of May should be faithfully observed at their graves, and the faith of the nation sacredly pledged to the cause for which they died, if perchance the loving Father of all may shape our destiny and preserve our freedom.

J. S. G.

THREE FINE ARTS.

KNOWING Mr. Pillsbury's admiration for Ruskin, I send you this extract from his last lecture in Dublin: G. F. T.

RUSKIN SHOWING THE FAILURES OF SIX THOUSAND YEARS.

In six thousand years of labor and sorrow, what had the world done? Take the three chief occupations and arts of man, and begin with agriculture. Six thousand years had passed since they were set to till the ground from which they were taken. How much of that was tilled wisely or well? Let them look for answer to that district which lies in the very centre of the garden of Europe, where the noble Catholics of the Forest Cantonments and the noble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys maintained their faith and liberties, while, on the opposite coast of Africa, a woman, not many suns since, eat her own child for famine, and with all the treasures of the East, they, in their own dominions, could not buy food for their own people, and stood by and saw 500,000 perish of hunger. Taking the next of the human arts—weaving, honoured by all noble heathen women in the person of a heathen goddess,—what had they done in six thousand years in this art? Might they not know by this time how to hang their walls with tapestry, or to fence their breasts with fair shields from the cold? Were the fingers of their maidens not able? Had they not choked the air with smoke to turn their spinning-wheels and to drive their looms, and were they not clothed? Yet, the streets of the capital were foul with cast clouts and rotten rags, and their street children were left in raggedness and disgrace, while nature clothed the nestling and protected the young of the wolf in the den. And did not the winter snow robe what they had not robed, and shroud what they had not shrouded? And did not every winters' wind bear up to Heaven wasted souls, to witness aganist them, in the words of their Christ—"I was naked and ye clothed me not"? Next take the art of building—the strongest, the most enduring of the arts of man. When once done it will stand more strongly than the unbalanced rocks, more permanently than the crumbling hills. In six thousand years what had they done? Of the greater part of the cities of former times not a vestige was left but fallen stone that incumbered the fields and choked the streams. They of the ruling brain,—constructive and progressive, thirsting for immortality—could not contend with the workings of the insect of the forest or the sea, and the only ridges of former ruin marked the spot where once dwelt the ceaseless multitude. But with all their great achievements, little ones lay in the open streets, and night by night rose up the cry of the homeless again to witness against them—"I was a stranger and ye took me not in." Was it always to be thus? Was their life to be forever without profit? The poets of old had dreamed of mercy, and justice, and peace, and good-will, and labor, and disappointment, and rest undisturbed. They had dreamed of fulness in harvest, of prudence in law, of gladness in the parent, of strength in the children, of glory in grey hairs, and at all these visions they had mocked, and bid them stand aside, because they spoke as things unreal, unaccomplished. And what had they accomplished? Wandered amid the spectra of baser falsehood, walked in the imagination of our evil hearts, instead of the course of eternity until, our lives were not the likeness of the sky of heaven but of the smoke of hell, for heaven was but a vapor that "endureth for a little and then vanisheth away." Were they sure of that?—sure that the nothingness of the grave would be the rest they anticipated? Some were, and others had no desire whither they went. But was it necessary to share the degradation of the brute beast because they were condemned to its mortality? Let all joinin this work. "He maketh the winds His angels, the flaming fire His ministers." Could they do less than that? Let them work while they could snatch their portion out of eternity. Feeding, clothing and housing the people were the first three of all the fine arts.

MADAME STANTON: Your number of April 30th, gave us an excellent article upon "Labor and Capital. Capital has always controlled labor, has made it a slave, deriving profit from it and leaving it barely enough to keep it from dying of hunger.

"Nos bras sans relache tendus,
Aux flots jaloux, au sol avare
Ravissent leurs tresors perdus
Ce qui nourrit et a qui pare;
Perles diamants et metaux
Fruit du coteau, grain de la plaine;
Pauvres moutons, quels bons manteaux
Il se tisse de votre laine!

Quel fruit tirons-mons des labeurs
Qui courbent nos maigres echines?
On vont les flots de nos sueurs?
Mons we sommes que des machines
Nos Babels montent jusqu 'au ciel
La terre nons doit ses merveilles;
Des qu 'elles out from le miel
Le maitre chasse les abeilles."

—*Workingman's song, by Pierre Dupont.*

An isolated man works for himself. "Each one for himself" creates selfishness, false dealing, unbounded competition, which itself is the cause of adulteration. The masses who pursue this wrong course are educated in the same vicious system, that is to say, natural aptitude is stifled at birth in such a way that the many who follow a business contrary to their taste are only inferior and awkward workers while the few have a chance to follow their natural bent and to make what is called a great success, which is only the result of a disguised theft. These are called *smart men*. As fortune is the *life* of everything, and cannot favor one person except at the expense of many others, it follows that a single powerful individual can keep a multitude starving and can make for them the laws which govern labor. Let us illustrate: A single woman comes to some shop for work, the price of which is $1.00. Another woman presents herself, claiming that she has more need of employment as she has a sick husband dependant upon her and that she will work for ninety cents. A third woman appears and maintains that her need is still greater since she has an intemperate husband and several little children and offers to work for eighty cents. To whom will the work be given? To the third applicant? No. Because the first will say, "I am alone, I can live upon less without suffering. *I* will do it for seventy cents." What a heart-break for the other two women! This is the evil. What is the remedy? You have not indicated it, Madame. The rehabilitation of women in her usurped rights would be a slight palliative to the evils of society, without curing them; it would be nevertheless a decided step towards that end. We must have a more radical reform; we must attack the cause of the evil, "each one for *himself*" creates selfishness and makes capitalists—devouring cancer of society. The remedy is "each one for all; all for each one;" it is utopian but true. "Each one for all," will be realized by a co-operative society which will allow laborers to enjoy the fruit of their labor, which will keep consumers from the thefts of intermediate parasites, who are generally capitalists and who make the rise and fall of stocks according to the degree of their cupidity.

We read in the same number a letter from Washington by Mrs. Julia Archibald, on "Women as Clerks." Much could be said upon that interesting letter. Why are government places so much sought after by both sexes? The places of a republican government should be positions of honor rather than of emolument. On the contrary, they are well paid for little work. People are admitted to them by patronage, without any reference to capacity, so that those who are entitled to them by their conduct, talents or necessities are refused. All this injustice is caused by want of solidarity. Reform will not come from above; it rests with the poor people who are pinched by poverty to make for themselves an independent position by *association* and to leave those who can do nothing for them.

Accept my sororific greetings,

H. L. LOUIS.

The gentlemen have adopted for themselves the word *fraternal*, what prevents our using for *ourselves* the word sororific?

HUSBANDS NOT WANTED.

THE following scrip appears in a late paper:

"A Western widow, handsome and learned, manages a large farm, and she raised last year 1,000 bushels of wheat, 1,200 bushels of corn; has a large stock of hogs, sends fat cattle to the New York Market, has abundance of flowers, apples, pears, strawberries and currants, keeps up with current literature—*does not want to marry.*"

One of man's chronic taunts of woman has been her desire to marry. "Managing mama's," "husband-seeking daughters," "widows bewitched," are epithets that have run the rounds of newspapers, magazines and books. Men have been represented as wary fish and women as anxious anglers equipped with the paraphanalia of rods, lines, and all the variety of bait needed to secure the shyest trout. Of late an additional cry has been raised; woman is *so* extravagant that young men are forced to remain single. A young husband would not be able to indulge! his wife in ribbons and laces and at the same time keep himself in tobacco and pay his club fees.

Let me whisper a secret into these men's ears. Tenfold more men marry for love, *i. e.*, because they are anxious to marry, than women. What those women desire who "angle for husbands," is money, not matrimony. In the present condition of society the wife is mainly dependant for position and wealth on the man's position and wealth whom she marries. Woman is not upheld by the customs of society in stepping forth and earning money for herself. She has been told again and again that matrimony is her sphere. So, as woman equally with man, loves position, power and money, she sometimes looks for it in this "sphere," so sedulously pointed out as her appropriate one.

Oh, man, do you know that in shutting out woman from honorable methods of money-making, whether it is by ridicule or law, you are preparing a dagger to pierce your own heart? Do you know that just as often as you sneer at the woman who tries to earn money, just so often you are increasing the chance that one of your own sex may bestow his name upon a woman who loves him not, but whom his money or his position has bought.

If maiden life, or widowhood were respected, and equal honor shown to the woman who earned her own livelihood as is shown to the man who earns his livelihood, thousands and thousands of women would remain single in preference to entering a state which takes from them their personal identity, even to christian name, and places them before the world as Mrs. John So and So, or Mrs. Isaac Somebody—which in most states "confiscates their property," denies them any legal control of their own children, governs them by another's will, and speaks of them after death—if, like Hindoo women, unfortunate enough to survive their husbands—as the *relicts*, or fragmentary portions of the previously deceased husbands.

Man, if you wish a wife who loves you, who marries you for yourself alone, respect woman in place of ridiculing her, welcome her to positions of emolument and trust; break apart laws which give her one place in society and yourself another; break all fetters which bind her and leave you in freedom, and when that happy period arrives, as it surely will, whether you help or hinder, then instead of dissension will be agreement; instead of woman's marrying for a home, or position, or money, she will feel justified in refusing "an eligible offer," if her heart cannot go with her hand, and marriage, instead of being an institution in which one is master and the other a slave, one a tyrant and the other a deceiver, will become what the Great Author of our being designed it to be; and husband and wife will be "two souls with but a single thought, two lives mingled in one."

JOSLYN.

DEAR MRS. STANTON: I meant long ago to have written you how much we enjoy "THE REVOLUTION," which has come regularly since Miss Anthony's announcement gave us the privilege of subscribing to this expression, and answer to a great public want. It is not only a Revolution which will make politicians and even reformers and philosophers dance to new music, but a revelation of light and hope to multitudes sitting in darkness and despair. What a woman said, "many times in the past—I have desired and prayed to die, but since 'THE REVOLUTION' appeared, I want to live," utters the profound welcome your paper receives among those common people, who always hear truth gladly, and indicates th dumb, aching, unutterable yearnings of myriads, yet living almost without hope, and without good in the world.

During the thousands or millions of years since cre-

ation, men have patched and botched the world with their male governments, their male literatures, their male theologies, philosophies, philanthropies, until looking at the savage insanity of war, the tragic life of woman, the degradation of labor, the ravages of intemperance, and the thousand other evils which afflict society, one does not wonder that Second Adventists think the resources of Providence spent, and the Messiah is to come again "in flowing fire" to burn the whole thing up and try again. But Deity, incarnating himself under new forms, in each age, to redeem it, now commissions daughters as well as sons of men to be saviors, and embodies his most redeeming grace in woman. In America, where all classes, sexes, races, interests, were intended to stand on their good behavior, on their own merits, woman should have broken loose before from the imprisoning conditions within which the ages have bound her. But now she is loose and speaking her mind in a newspaper of her own, we must expect startling facts, prepare for Revolutions in all directions, a general breaking up of indecent styles in the world's housekeeping, that we live in a more orderly and sensible manner. Some anti-slavery believers in Woman's Rights seem alarmed at you exercising more liberty than they bargained for; but evidently these new-comers, so much objected to in certain quarters, were foreordained to play their present part. Had it been possible or desirable to establish a woman's paper, under abolition auspices alone, the superior abilities of Lucy Stone would have done it. But Providence desiring to give democrats also a chance to be saved, in being saviors, invoked their aid. As the accomplished daughter of Francis Jackson, Mrs. E. F. Eddy, who inherits much of the insight and courage of her noble father, and has herself done resolute service for her sex, said of your last meeting in Music Hall, Boston: "We went at half-past seven and staid till eleven, and you can imagine something kept us. To see such different materials combined to do the Lord's work was proof to my mind that the Lord sent Mr. Train to help it along. He was so free and easy, so witty, so funny, and impressive withal, that we forgave him all his sins, though he made it out that he had none."

Reform, like Deity, is no respector of persons; the latest comer and the humblest believer is of infinitely more importance than the greatest past advocate who evades the logical duty of the hour. When "good" men have served a cause so long that they think themselves entitled to betray or ignore it, it is high time "bad" men took their places. In the advocacy of peace and labor reform, I have learned that every cause must create its own supporters and welcome assistance from any quarter; and that when reformers become so wise as to think it dangerous to cast out devils, except in their name, it is well to ask if the adversary has not taken stock in their kind of "reform." I rejoice, therefore, that there were women among us gifted with wisdom and courage enough to know their time and accept its duties; and am confident you will achieve a great and beneficent success in your present line of action. Many other things flow to one's pen to get themselves written about the various questions you have opened, but must not be permitted to fill more space now. The degraded condition of our workingmen, already voters, shows how little the ballot has yet done of what that potent agent is capable. Nevertheless, "By this sign we shall conquer" is a good motto for your banner; while the appearance of labor, finance, commerce, marriage, culture, peace, and other issues in the same columns which claim the right of woman to vote, so well indicates the other necessary means to reach that fair play and practical justice towards which the race is struggling, that we are glad to say to all concerned to aid the general welfare, take "The Revolution."

E. H. Heywood.

Worcester, Mass., May 30, 1868.

ORANGE MARMALADE.

New York, June 4, 1868.

My Dear Miss M.: If there is any one thing that serves to excite an appetite more than another—if there is any one thing that I dote on, it is orange marmalade. Especially at this season, when all our fruits are in the blossom, it takes their place with a high-toned flavor that makes grass butter relish exceedingly at breakfast or at lunch. You may imagine, then, my consternation when I came to learn that imported orange marmalade was made from the sweepings of all the metropolitan theatres, and could not be eaten any more without great misgivings! Hitherto the stamp of importation was a recommendation, and we never looked behind it, but now, that the curtain has been withdrawn, our taste for foreign marmalade has altogether abated. It was a great relief, my dear Miss M., to learn that in our own fair country, we could procure my loved marmalade, cut from the fresh orange, retaining *all* its refreshing juices without losing one drop by *previous sucking!* Directed by "The Revolution," I have actually purchased and tasted your most delicious marmalade, and will vouch for its character from the color and high flavor. There may be untold dirt mixed with the foreign marmalade, but the high motive that induces you to enter into this work is a guarantee of the purity and excellence of yours.

Y.

A WOMAN'S NOTION.

Syracuse, May 29, 1868.

Nay—some one will say—a foolish, childish whim. I don't care! Dear Miss Anthony will take it on her lap and give it a hearing anyhow.

It wants to be something, to do something, to earn something. And it proposes to ask papa to assign it some Vineland property, some of that prolific soil on which to grow its own ideas.

It proposes to reduce the fancies of "Mother Goose" and the science of farming—as more particularly of agriculture—to practical illustrations.

It also proposes to furnish the means of a livelihood to many who would otherwise lack employment.

It proposes to revolutionize those curious sub-soils which—turned up to the light and heat—suddenly become transformed into fertile and fruitful gardens. It proposes to go to "house-cleaning" out-of-doors, and to make every inch of "Dixie's Land" serviceable.

It hopes that "Love's labors" will not be lost, and proposes to use the proceeds of those labors—as it will—for the uplifting of the downcast and the feeding of the poor.

It desires and expects to do all this; if Miss Anthony will please present Papa with a copy of her paper containing this petition—for he reads "The Revolution" and thinks it "tip-top," and I am sure it will intercede with him—he will immediately make me the afore-named assignment.

M. B. H.

WOMEN INVENTORS.

At 92 Liberty street (room 19) may be seen a Domestic Spinner, invented by Mrs. Sarah Hart of Farmington, Iowa. It occupies but little more room than an old fashioned spinning-wheel—contains from twelve to forty spindles. A woman, therefore, can spin twelve or forty times the quantity of wool per day. This invention of this Iowa farmer's wife must prove a great blessing to the homes of the settlers of the far West.

Brief Biographies of Celebrated Women, Ancient and Modern.—Agnesi, Maria Gaetana, a native of Milan, born in 1718, gave early indications of extraordinary abilities, devoted herself to the abstract sciences, and at the age of nineteen supported one hundred and ninety-one theses, which were afterwards published. In mathematics she obtained such consummate skill, *that the Pope allowed her to succeed her father* as professor of Bologna. Her knowlege of ancient and modern languages was also extensive. She died in 1799, at Milan, where, several years before, she had taken the veil. Her great work is entitled "Analytical Institutions," and has been translated by Professor Colson.

Another source, and "a security, perhaps more enduring than any other, for the immortality of Shakspeare in literature," Mr. Giles points out, is the feminine element in his genius, such as no other male writer ever possessed:

"No genius that deals with human life is complete without including both the masculine and feminine elements. * * * The genius which includes them both, and developes both, is like those plants which have the two sexes in the same flower, in which the blossom that gives delight by its beauty, gives at the same time, the promise of coming fruit and of deathless seed. * * * The literature that can last must have a common interest for man and woman; but if it lean to either side, it should be to that of woman, for the life of woman is always nearer to nature than that of man; her instincts and sentiments are more primitive; her sense of sex is more tenacious; her thoughts are more spontaneous, rapid and direct; and the whole constitutes an inward character that maintains a wonderful unity amid the numberless varieties of her sex, and a continued identity, which is neither lost or obscured through the manifold changes of history or the world. The literature, therefore, which not only has no feminine element, but, still worse, has no feminine interest, wants the most vital element of humanity."

Mrs. Fawcett, in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, speaks as follows of the admission of women to the English universities: I believe few, even university men, are aware how easily this could be accomplished at Cambridge. The only conditions which the University of Cambridge imposes on students prior to their passing their examinations are, that they keep a certain term of residence, and that they should attend professors' lectures. Now, residence may be kept in two ways; either by entering at some college, in which case residence is kept either within its walls or in lodgings; or by residing in the house of some master of arts who has licensed his house as a "hostel." In this latter manner, residence may be kept by students without their ever setting foot within the walls of a college. There would therefore be no difficulty or impropriety in ladies fulfilling the conditions of residence imposed by the University; any married master of arts who is living at Cambridge could, by obtaining from the Vice-Chancellor the necessary license, convert his house into a hostel, and his sons or daughters, by residence in it, and by attending professors' lectures, would do all that the university requires of students previous to their passing, or trying to pass, their examinations. Of course it would be exceptionally easy for those young ladies to keep residence whose fathers, are masters of art living at Cambridge; but there would be no conceivable danger or impropriety in allowing a respectable married M.A. to license his house as a hostel for girls not so favorably situated. The difficulty of residence, therefore, which many people regard insuperable, being thus disposed of, what remains? Simply attendence at professors' lectures, and the admittance of girls to the examinations which the University imposes on those desirous of obtaining degrees. As for attendence at professors' lectures, so many ladies in Cambridge already do attend them, that it is unnecessary to say that there is no more difficulty whatever in their doing so. It is no uncommon thing in Cambridge for a professor to have a course of lectures largely and regularly attended by ladies.

A New York correspondent writes an interesting letter on the lady artists of New York, in which he (or she) says a female artist's studio is said to be a curiosity in its way, containing models, paintings, easels, paints, oils, grinding material, tea-pots, hoop skirts, copies of "The Revolution," the constitution of the Female Club, dumb bells and a piano. They are a jolly set.

Women and Medical Societies.—The Manchester (N. H.) *Union and American* reports that

the Seventy-eighth Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire Medical Society, held in that city last week, admitted twelve new members; that "Miss M. O. A. Hunt, by letter, asked for membership and her request was referred to the council." Does that mean to the Sleep of Death?

Financial Department.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—*America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Foreign Manufactures Prohibited. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor. If Congress Vote One Hundred and Twenty-five Millions for a Standing Army and Freedman's Bureau for the Blacks, Cannot they spare One Million for the Whites?*

THE REVOLUTION.

NO. XXIII.

EUROPE VS. THE UNITED STATES.

BROWN BROTHERS AND PACIFIC MAIL.

BEFORE the rebellion, it was the proud distinction of the United States to share the honors and profits of the ocean with Great Britain, as the maritime powers of the world. Our sole rival, Great Britain, was then rapidly giving way to us in the ocean-carrying trade. Our sailing packets and clipper ships were unrivalled, and the American flag crowded the pathways from New York to Europe and China. The rebellion, with its Alabamas, was the first check on this order of things, and misgovernment at Washington has given a severe blow to the prosperty of American shipping. Ocean steam navigation and the improvements and economy of iron hulls and screw propellers are superceding sailing vessels. In these, the United States have made no progress. Europe enjoys the monopoly of ocean steamship navigation. The only American lines afloat are between here and Cuba and Brazil, and the Great Pacific Mail Steamship Company from New York to San Francisco and China, with Webb's new opposition. The United States have no line of ocean screw steamers.

THE COLLINS LINE—THE GREATEST SUCCESS AND THE GREATEST FAILURE.

From New York to Europe the steamships average more than one for every day in the year, and they are all European lines. This is a remarkable fact, and by no means creditable to ourselves. It is not because we cannot build steamships, for no finer models have ever been afloat than the old Collins line, and their accommodations and speed inaugurated a new era for the travelling public on the ocean. They stimulated the Cunard Company into improvements which were never thought of or attempted until the Collins line started. We are indebted to it for the increased speed and superior accommodations now to be had on the transatlantic route. The Collins line was at once the greatest success and greatest failure the ocean has ever seen. Successful beyond expectation in the patronage it obtained, and disastrous beyond imagination to conceive in its financial collapse. The flattering patronage the Collins line had received from the travelling public seemed to promise the cream of the ocean trade to the United States, and that promise would have been fulfilled to the letter, if the Collins line had not been ruined by gross and culpable, not to say corrupt mismanagement.

BROWN BROTHERS RUINED THE COLLINS LINE.

The Anglo-American banking firm, Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., were the agents and managers of the Collins Steamship Company. Commissions were paid on outlay and disbursements, the furnishing of the ships was farmed out, and a system of reckless extravagance was carried on by that firm which finally ruined the Company, and by its ruin so frightened American capital from investing in ocean steamships as virtually to take from America the steamship transatlantic route, and make a present of it to Europe. This has been the logical, practical result of the ruin of the Collins Steamship Company. If Messrs Brown Bros. and Co. had been bribed by the Cunard line or Europe to sweep American steamships from the Atlantic, they could not have done it more effectually than they did, by their policy and mamagement of the Collins line. Why?

BROWN BROTHERS "COLLINS LINE POLICY" RUINING PACIFIC MAIL.

Not content with ruining one of the finest steamship fleets afloat, the Collins line, Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co. have fastened themselves like a barnacle on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, with the same policy of exclusive insolence, favoritism, disregard of public wants, commissions on supplying stores, and reckless extravagance of expenditures, which would have ruined the Company long ago, if the route had not been one which pays extraordinary profits. A year ago, Pacific Mail, according to the sworn testimony of Mr. Howard Potter, the son-in-law of one of the Browns, and others, had cash assets of $14,000,000, and they stated the stock was worth 150 or $30,000,000. The last official statement published by the president, Mr. Louis McLane, tells the stockholders that the Company is running at a loss, can pay no dividend, and recommends that all dividends be postponed indefinitely. The capital stock of the Company is $20,000,000, but deducting that which the Company owns or has not issued, it is in round numbers $17,000,000. Of this amount $12,000,000 in money has been contributed within the last few years, and all that the Company has to show for this besides the original capital, are side-wheeled steamships, which would not sell for $6,000,000, and a business which the president coolly states is so ruinously bad as in his judgment to render dividends hopeless. In plain terms Pacific Mail, like the Collins line, is on the *verge of dissolution at the hands of the same doctors, the eminent bankers, Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co.* If this were simply the dissolution of a corporate steamship company, and its results were only loss to a body of stockholders who were stupid enough to entrust the management of their property in such hands, then the ruin of Pacific Mail would be of minor importance. But unfortunately for the national prosperity that is not so. As the ruin of the Collins line gave the transatlantic route to Europe, so will the ruin of the Pacific Mail Company also give to Europe the monopoly of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. For if Pacific Mail fails, it will frighten American capital from investing in that route. As the scandal of Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co.'s mismanagement of the Collins and Pacific Mail Steamship Companies is a matter of public notoriety, it behooves the merchants and shipowners of New York, as well as the Pacific Mail stockholders, for their own pecuniary gain, to take prompt and vigorous measures for saving this great national enterprise from ruin, *and the carrying steamship trade from passing into the hands of foreigners.*

THE NOVELTY IRON WORKS LOAN FROM PACIFIC MAIL.

The Novelty Iron Works, which are in reality the Brown's property, have borrowed $500,000 of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company on collaterals which no bank or money lender in Wall street would advance $50,000. Why do Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., with their enormous wealth and transacting a *business of giving their sixty days paper for other people's money*, not advance this sum of $500,000 to the Novelty Iron Works, instead of borrowing it from a corporation of which they are trustees?

FIRST CLASS FIRMS TO BE WATCHED.—"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

The developments in the case of Overend, Gurney & Co., showing a condition of hopeless insolvency for years precedent to their avowed bankruptcy, are warnings that the highest standing and credit are no guarantees against irregularities, nor incentives to blind confidence. The recent decision in Paris that the Credit Mobilier had swindled its new stockholders out of $12,000,000 in gold, by "watering" its capital stock, and the decree that this sum was due to and should be paid back to them, are warnings which no prudent business man ought to neglect.

THE ROCK ISLAND FIASCO.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE CLIQUES?

THE clique of stockjobbers who have been seeking to stop the building of the Chicago and Rock Island road to Council Bluffs, and who advertised to hold what they called a "stockholders' meeting of that Company" in Chicago, have suddenly collapsed in their demands, and compromised with Mr. John F. Tracy, the president. They have agreed to withdraw all the suits, six in number, which they had instituted against the Company in the name of their tools, Rufus Hatch, Fisk of Fisk & Belden, and others. They have agreed to acquiesce in Mr. Tracy's plans for building the road to Council Bluffs, and that two or three new directors shall take the place of those from Iowa.

This sudden back down of the clique in their high-sounding demands is, without doubt, caused by the heavy load of Rock Island and other stocks they are carrying in the face of the very unpromising present and prospective condition of the stock market. It is said the clique and their friends hold over 100,000 shares of Rock Island stock for which, in common with other "clique stocks," there is really no market at anything like a fair quotation, to say nothing about the present high prices. The

Rock Island clique, therefore, did wisely in withdrawing their claims and in making a settlement with the present managers. It gives them the only possible chance of selling and making a market for the Rock Island stock they hold. To have permitted the litigation to continue, could have ended only in one way, resulting in ruinous losses to the clique. As affairs are now, they have the chance of selling on the excitement created by the settlement of existing difficulties and thus lessening their losses. The money lenders are afraid of railway stock collaterals. The present cliqued condition of the market and the unnaturally high prices to which railway shares have been run up beyond the level of other property disturb confidence.

The riskiness of the clique railway shares as collaterals may be illustrated by a few figures. The capital stock of Michigan Southern is $10,646,200 and the 10 per cent. stock dividend recently declared and payable this month adds $,1,050,000, making the total in round numbers $11,700,000. In 1865, the earnings of Michigan Southern were $4,826,727 against $4,713,744 in 1867, showing a falling off compared with 1865 which continues in the present year. In 1865, the price ranged from 49¾ to to 84¼, while the present quotation 88 ex-stock dividend is equal to 97. These figures show that the market price of Michigan Southern in 1865 was $4,800,000, when the capital stock was only $9,720,000, while it is now selling for $11,500,000, or nearly two and one-half times more. In plain terms, Michigan Southern, with less earnings in 1868, is quoted on the New York Stock Exchange as worth $11,500,000, when in 1865, it was rated at $4,800,000.

Again, Chicago and North Western capital stock is $28,000,000, and the funded debt $16,251,000 against $26,000,000 capital in 1865, and $12,000,000 funded debt. The price in 1865 ranged from 20 to 20¼. Thus we see that the Chicago and North Western Railway was quoted on the Stock Exchange, in 1865, at $5,200,000 against $19,500,000, at current quotations—say 68 to 70. The earnings in 1865 were $8,000,000 against $11,500,000 in 1867. The increase in price, therefore, has been on a much greater ratio than that of the earnings.

The Erie, Hudson River, and Rock Island have also been "watered," and the prices of all stocks compared with those current last year are so high that the uneasiness of money lenders is not without a good foundation. The fate of the cliques and clique stocks is one of the great absorbing questions in Wall street.

To our Servants at Washington from the People at Home.

MR. SEWARD AND THE COSTA RICAN MINISTER.

MR. SEWARD has recommended that our government shall make a survey of the Pacific port of Tivivas, in the Republic of Costa Rica. This will involve an expense of about $250,000 for the benefit of a foreign government, which so far from being friendly to American interests, has recently given evidence, through the action of its minister at Washington, of a spirit hostile to the United States. The facts are these: A company of American capitalists holds the charter for an inter-oceanic railroad across the territory of Costa Rica, to run from the port of Limon on the Atlantic to the port of Tivivas on the Pacific which our government is now asked to survey. The Atlantic port of Limon has already been surveyed through the exertions of the American company. They have also commenced work on the railroad and expended a considerable amount of money thereon, but now, on technical grounds, the Government of Costa Rica is debating the question of a forfeiture of the charter of the American Company, owing to the intrigues, it is said, of foreigners who are desirous of transferring it to European capitalists. So marked was this unfriendly spirit to the United States, that the Costa Rican minister at Washington actually notified the agents of the company in New York, of the lapse of their charter, owing to the non-performance of certain acts in Costa Rica on the day he wrote, oblivious of the absurdity of assuming a knowledge of what had taken place in Costa Rica one month before it was possible to receive news of the same. When respectfully notified by the agents of the company, that neither he nor they could tell for three weeks or a month what had taken place in Costa Rica on the date of the alleged expiry of the contract in Costa Rica, *which was also the date of his notification*, the Costa Rican minister evinced a spirit so aggressive and hostile to the United States, that Mr. Seward could not have been aware of these facts when he sent to Congress the recommendation to survey the port of Tivivas. Costa Rica is entitled to no favors from the United States, such as Mr. Seward recommends, unless the government of that Republic shall give guarantees of its intentions to favor the United States and not Europe. The committee in Congress will do well to inquire into this matter.

Talk among the Brokers in Wall Street.

The talk among the brokers is the fiasco in the Rock Island stockholders meeting at Chicago and the back down of

ST. HUMPHREY DAVY CRAUFORDE, CONTINENTAL MURDOCK, PATENT GAS APPLETON, CAVEAT EMTOR OR PERUVIAN BOND MORGAN,

and the other great guns of the Rock Island clique. The talk is that

LAWYER SCURRILL

advised them to fight it out at law as then

HE WOULD BE ALL RIGHT

if they were not, but St. Humphrey Davy, who goes in for the chips and don't care particularly where they come from, guessed they had better cave in and make the best terms they

COULD WITH JOHN F. TRACY.

The talk is that the clique had got an elephant on their hands in Rock Island besides a dose of

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AND NORTH WEST

which threatens to swamp them unless they can succeed in sticking the public by some humbug story of great earnings and a dividend. The talk is that

CONTINENTAL MURDOCK IS AS MAD

as fury at not being made a director in place of Wilson G. Hunt, and he intimates pretty plainly that

ST. HUMPHREY DAVY

has sold him out, and he wants to know who the thunder is

WILSON G. HUNT

in comparison with Continental Murdock that a tailor should supplant a first class

EMINENT BANKER LIKE CONTINENTAL

is an outrage on decency which St. Humphrey Davy and Rock Island will live to repent, that a

CONTINENTAL PRESIDENT

is not to be slighted with impunity like a Continental—The talk is that some of the cliques' friends and a few of the 'cute ones in the

ROCK ISLAND POOL

have been quietly selling out all the Rock Island that the market would take above 98½, that although it is a very valuable property, yet they have found it so hard to carry for the last six months, that they prefer somebody else shall have the load now. The talk is that the pool, order to advance the price of Rock Island, has had to load up and that things ain't so lovely as they ought to be, that some of the sharp ones at Chicago have been telegraphing their brokers to sell here and that

HIGH ART SWINDLING

is going on at a great rate among the bosom friends of the concern. The talk is that the public and the street know the tricks of the cliques too well to be caught with any more chaff and to be

STUCK WITH ROCK ISLAND,

Michigan Southern, or North West, either long or short, that they mean to let them alone. The talk is that

BENEDICT AT LOCKWOODS

has got in tow an amiable

LAWYER FROM PEN YAN

who believes in

BENEDICT AS AARON

did in Moses, and although he is rather soft, Benedict must not "bake" him too hard although

HE IS A "BAKER."

The talk is that

PRESIDENT LOUIS M'LANE

made a ninny of himself, and showed his hand too plainly in that letter he published in the

MONEY ARTICLE OF THE "TIMES"

last week. The talk is that somebody is evidently doing all they can to

RUIN PACIFIC MAIL,

and run down "its price," and the question is are they doing this awful bearing on Pacific Mail for the purpose of

BUYING THE STOCK AT A BARGAIN?

Why did President Louis McLane publish such a "bear" letter saying that dividends must be postponed indefinitely? Was it done in the

INTEREST OF BROWN BROTHERS & CO.?

The talk is that President

M'LANE, BROWN BROTHERS, DENNISTOUN

the other Anglo-American banker, and the inside stock-jobbing clique of Pacific Mail directors have sold out their stock and now want to buy back again cheap, that President McLane is working into their hands by making things look as black as possible, that the

PACIFIC MAIL RING

may humbug innocent stockholders and make money. The talk is that "THE REVOLUTION" ought to show up this Pacific Mail crowd of

EMINENT ANGLO-AMERICAN BANKERS,

and how they work things all for their own interest and that of Great Britain. The talk is about the great rush into

GOVERNMENTS, CENTRAL PACIFIC AND UNION PACIFIC

railroad bonds, that the stock-men are all leaving off dealing in railway shares and are going into governments that

GOVERNMENTS ARE GOING UP

ten or fifteen per cent. in the course of the next few months, and that a

SMASH ON THE STOCK MARKET

may come on any day. The talk is that the cliques are trying to get people to sell short in order

TO TWIST THEM

as they find it hopeless to get them to buy long. The talk is that the miscellaneous shares are

SCARCELY WORTH

"washing," that nobody touches them or deals in them. The talk is that

TOBIN STUCK ALL

his friends in Pacific Mail and got out handsomely by selling when he told them confidentially to buy. The talk is that

SWEET WILLIAM,

when he comes back from Chicago, is going to take

ST. HUMPHREY DAVY'S ADVICE

and distribute "puts" for a thousand shares in Rock Island among the

BALLET GIRLS OF THE BLACK CROOK

they entertained at their banquet last week, upon condition that they get their friends to buy long against them. Sweet William says something has got to be done, and

MIGHTY QUICK, TOO,

and he thinks there may be chips in this for the clique, and he is quite sure there ain't for anybody else. The talk is that it don't look well for

CONTINENTAL MURDOCK

and other highly respectable bank officials to mix themselves up with stockjobbing cliques like this Rock Island affair, as it hurts credit, and that the

BANK OF COMMERCE

did a wise thing when it suggested to

TYCOON RUSSELL

to resign after the scandal of his making a

PAWNBROKER'S SHOP

of that bank. Is

CONTINENTAL MURDOCK

going to resign like Tycoon Russell. It would not hurt the bank.

THE MONEY MARKET

is without change, easy at 3 to 4 per cent. on governments and 4 to 5 per cent. on stock collaterals. Prime discounts are 5 to 6 per cent. and others 6 to 6½. The weekly bank statement is favorable to increased ease, the legal tenders being $3,188,275 more than that reported last week, and the deposits $4,342,691. The loans are increased $5,614,877 and the specie is decreased $3,532,557.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks compared with the preceding week :

	May 30th	June 6th	Differences.
Loans,	$268,177,490	$273,792,367	Inc. $5,614,877
Specie,	17,861,088	14,328,531	Dec. 3,532,567
Circulation,	33,145,606	34,188,159	Inc. 42,553
Deposits,	204,746,962	209,089,653	Inc. 4,342,691
Legal-tenders,	65,633,753	68,822,028	Inc. 3,188,275

THE GOLD MARKET

was strong throughout the week, owing to the large exports of specie, the price, however, of this Saturday is about the same as that of last week 139⅝ to 139¾.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows :

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Saturday, 30,	139⅛	139¾	139⅛	139⅝
Monday, 1,	139¾	139⅞	139¾	139¾
Tuesday, 2,	139⅝	140⅛	139⅝	140⅛
Wednesday, 3,	140	140¼	139⅞	140¼
Thursday, 4,	140	140⅛	140	140
Friday, 5,	139⅞	140	139¾	139⅞
Saturday, 6,	139¾	139¾	139⅛	139⅝
Monday, 8,	139⅝	139¾	139⅛	139⅝

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

is quiet but steady at the specie shipping rates, as few commercial bills are making and bankers have to cover with specie or bonds. Prime bankers 60 days sterling bills are quoted 110⅛ to 110¼ and sight 110⅛ to 110⅜. Francs on Paris long 5-13⅛ to 5-12⅛ and short 5-10⅝ to 5-10.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

is dull and prices are irregular, caused by clique manipulations. Rock Island advanced to 104 upon receipt of the news that the clique had made arrangements with the managers to stop all law suits and agreed to the building of the road to Council Bluffs. Fort Wayne fell from 116¾ to 108½ and advanced again to 112¾. The market is unsettled and operators are afraid either to sell or buy.

Musgrave & Co., 19 Broad street, report the following quotations :

Canton, 50¼ to 50½ ; Boston W. P., 22 to 22¼ ; Cumb. Coal, 33¾ to 35 ; Wells, Fargo & Co., 26 to 26¼ ; American Express, 53¾ to 54½ ; Adams Express, 57¾ to 58 ; United States Express, 55¾ to 56 ; Merchant's Union Express, 28¾ to 28⅞ ; Quicksilver, 27 to 27¼ ; Mariposa, 5 to 6 ; do. preferred, 8 to 8¼ ; Pacific Mail, 95¼ to 95½ ; Atlantic Mail, 31 to 33 ; W. U. Tel., 38¾ to 38 ¼ ; New York Central, 134¾ to 134⅞ ; Erie, 70⅜ to 70¾ ; preferred, 75 to 76¼ ; Hudson River, 142 to 142½ ; Reading, 94½ to 94¾ ; Tol. W. & W., 50½ to 51 ; preferred, 69½ to 70½ ; Mil. & St. P., 66 to 66½ ; preferred 78¾ to 79 ; Ohio & M. C. 30¼ to 30½ ; Mich. Cen., 120 to 121 ; Mich. South, 90¼ to 90¼ ; Ill. Central, 155 to 155½ ; Cleveland & Pittsburg, 88¼ to 88⅜ ; Cleveland & Toledo, 109¼ to 109½ ; Rock Island, 104¼ to 104¾ ; North Western, 69¾ to 69⅞ preferred, 81¾ to 82 ; Fort Wayne, 110¾ to 111.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

are strong and the investment demand in them is increasing and prices are tending steadily upwards.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations :

Registered, 1881, 111¾ to 112¼ ; Coupon, 1881, 116⅛ to 116¾ ; 5-20 Registered, 1862, 108¾ to 109 ; 5-20 Coupon, 1862, 112⅝ to 113⅛ ; 5-20 Coupon, 1864, 110⅛ to 110¼ ; 5-20 Coupon, 1865, 110⅜ to 110⅝ ; 5-20 Coupon, Jan. and July, 1865, 113 to 113⅛ ; 5-20 Coupon, 1867, 113¼ to 112¼ ; 10-40 Registered, 105⅞ to 106⅛ ; 10-40 Coupon, 106 to 106¼ ; June, 7-30, 109⅛ to 109¾ ; July, 7-30, 109⅛ to 109¾ ; August Compounds, 1865, 118¼ ; Sept. do., 118 ; October do., 117⅛.

THE CUSTOMS DUTIES

for the week were $1,905,007 in gold against $2,258,144, $2,184,880, and $2,404,997 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were $4,259,340 against $5,635,567, $3,470,371 and 5,773,251 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were $2,692,824, in currency, against $3,657,521, $4,035,781 and $3,434,535 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were $3,575,594, against $4,211,723, $3,947,638, $3,150,457 and $3,686,394 for the preceding weeks.

600 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Are now finished and in operation. Sixty miles of track have been laid this spring, and the work along the whole line between the Atlantic and Pacific States is being pushed forward more rapidly than ever before. More than twenty thousand men are employed, and it is not impossible that the entire track, from Omaha to Sacramento, will be finished in 1869 instead of 1870. The means provided are ample, and all that energy, men and money can do to secure the completion of this

GREAT NATIONAL WORK,

at the earliest possible day, will be done.

The UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY receive :

I.—A GOVERNMENT GRANT of the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations.

II.—A GOVERNMENT GRANT of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taking in alternate sections on each side of its road. This is an absolute donation, and will be a source of large revenue in the future.

III.—A GOVERNMENT GRANT of United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built. The Government takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, etc. The interest is now much more than paid in this way, besides securing a great saving in time and money to the Government.

IV.—A GOVERNMENT GRANT of the right to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, to aid in building the road, to the same amount as the U. S. Bonds, issued for the same purpose, and *no more*. THE GOVERNMENT PERMITS the Trustees for the First Mortgage Bondholders to deliver the Bonds to the Company only as the road is completed, and after it has been examined by United States Commissioners and pronounced to be in all respects a first-class Railroad, laid with a heavy T rail, and completely supplied with depots, stations, turnouts, car shops, locomotives, cars, etc.

V.—A CAPITAL STOCK SUBSCRIPTION from the stockholders, of which *over Eight Million Dollars* have been paid in upon the work already done, and which will be increased as the wants of the Company require.

VI.—NET CASH EARNINGS on its Way Business, that already amount to MORE THAN THE INTEREST on the First Mortgage Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE SECURE BEYOND ANY CONTINGENCY.

The Company have abundant means in their treasury, and make no appeal to the public to purchase their Bonds, as the daily subscriptions are entirely satisfactory; but they submit that, for entire security and liberal returns, there is certainly no better investment in the market.

The Union Pacific Bonds are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They have thirty years to run, and bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July at the Company's Office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The Principal is payable in gold at maturity. At the present rate of gold, these bonds pay an annual income on their cost of

NEARLY NINE PER CENT.,

AND IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY MAY SOON BE AT A PREMIUM.

The Company reserve the right to advance the price to a rate above par at any time, and will not fill any orders or receive any subscriptions on which the money has not been actually paid at the Company's office before the time of such advance. Subscriptions will be received in New York

At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau street,

AND BY

JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street,

And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement, respecting the Progress of Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,

May 25, 1868. New York.

J. L. HARLEM,

Manufacturer of

FINE SILVER-PLATED WARE,

Including

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CUPS, GOBLETS, PICKLE STANDS, FLOWER VASES,

KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS,

&c., &c.

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